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Cover: A break in the levee. Photograph by Underwood

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The Topknot Nine stands for the complete conversion of Japan to the American game of baseball. Adachi Kinnosuke tells of the revolution in Japanese recreation in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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The Outlook

Volume 146 June 15, 1927 Number 7

In this issue the Prime Minister of Japan sends a message to America through The Outlook

Floods in Kentucky

SO appalled has the Nation been by the flood on the Mississippi that minor disasters pass almost unnoticed. In comparison with the damage wrought by the Father of Waters, the loss suffered in recent floods in eastern Kentucky seems slight. But to many people living in those mountain communities the effect of the cloudburst on May 29 and subsequent rains is tragic. It is reported that twelve inches of water fell in two hours and that in places the wall of water that swept everything before it was seventy-five feet in height. Much of the damage was done in regions remote from the main lines of communication. Consequently even a week after the disaster the extent of it was still unknown. In Perry County alone the damage done to property is estimated as amounting to $5,000,000. Other counties suffered in proportion. One estimate is that the damage to property in the flooded area has amounted to $25,000,000 and the sufferers number 125,000 people—one-sixth of the number of victims of the Mississippi flood.

Even many miles from the center of the flooded region evidence of the power of the mountain torrents was visible. Plowed fields were washed away; houses were smashed to bits; other houses had floated like boats from their original sites.

In some cases families, caught unawares, were swept to death. There was no time for warning; and even if there had been, there was no means for broadcasting it. We have seen no estimate of the death toll, but in proportion to the population it may be as large as that in some more conspicuous disasters.

The real injury in such a case cannot be measured in dollars. A poor man's home may be all that he has, and to lose it may be in fact a greater injury than the destruction of many more costly houses. The destruction of a bridge where there is no alternative route may mean a greater loss to the community than the destruction of a costlier bridge where traffic can find another way. Danger from illness and privation may be greater in places to which it is difficult for relief in the form of vaccine, food, and other supplies to be sent than it would be in communities more accessible.

The American Red Cross has gone to the aid of the people in this devastated region. Kentuckians have promptly organized to aid the sufferers.

The Battle of Tampa

HOW far savage lust for vengeance may drive ordinarily peaceful citizens is illustrated by the mob's siege of the county jail in Tampa, Florida. A horribly brutal murder of a husband, wife, and three children had been committed by a man named Levins. There was no doubt about his guilt; he confessed the crime, and press reports state that he gave the extraordinary explanation that he thought those he killed were members of another family against whom he had a grudge.

Under these circumstances, it would seem certain that conviction and capital punishment would follow. But the mob was infuriated, and in hundreds attacked the jail, not once, but several times. Troops were called out, machine guns and tear-bombs were used to repel attack. Four men were killed and a score were wounded by the soldiers' fire. At one time the crowd broke down the wall of the jail with battering-rams, and all but attained their purpose. Rioting lasted for three nights, and even after the criminal had been removed to a distant jail. The authorities were determined to prevent lynching and have arrested some thirty men charged with violence.

It is such an attitude as that the Tampa officials maintained which encourages the belief that there is now a firm public will in the Southern States to check at any cost the spirit of lawless mob-killing.

To Germany through the Air

AGAIN the wide waters of the Atlantic have been spanned by a flight from New York to the Continent. The Bellanca-Wright plane, piloted by Clarence D. Chamberlin, with Mr. Charles A. Levine, owner of the plane, as his passenger, started from New York in the early hours of June 4 and came to earth on the soil of Germany some forty-three hours later. It was hoped to make a non-stop flight from New York to Berlin, but failure of the gasoline supply

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forced a landing first at Eisleben, Saxony. With a new supply of gas the Bellanca-Wright plane again took the air, but was again forced to land at the village of Klinge, near the town of Kottbos, seventy miles southeast of Berlin.

There can be no question of the merit of the achievement of the pilot of the Bellanca-Wright plane or of his courage and the courage of his passenger. As a dramatic episode, however, the flight of Chamberlin must forever take second place in the imagination of the world, as it is second in point of time to the winged achievement of Charles Lindbergh. A lone pilot, the dauntless harbinger of a new era, the first to conquer the great barrier between New York and the heart of France, is destined to remain forever as the outstanding symbol of the progress of aviation. What is the extension of his record by a few miles compared with the consummate completeness of Lindbergh's daring flight? No dramatist nor master of fiction could have set the stage better for Lindbergh's achievement. The "unpremeditated art" of Lindbergh's adventure was something which cannot be duplicated.

Meanwhile, as these lines are being written, the cruiser Memphis is carrying Lindbergh swiftly home to the waiting capital of America. By the time this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers the pilot of the Spirit of St. Louis will have set foot again upon American soil. He will know then that he has touched the heart of America as he moved the soul of France.

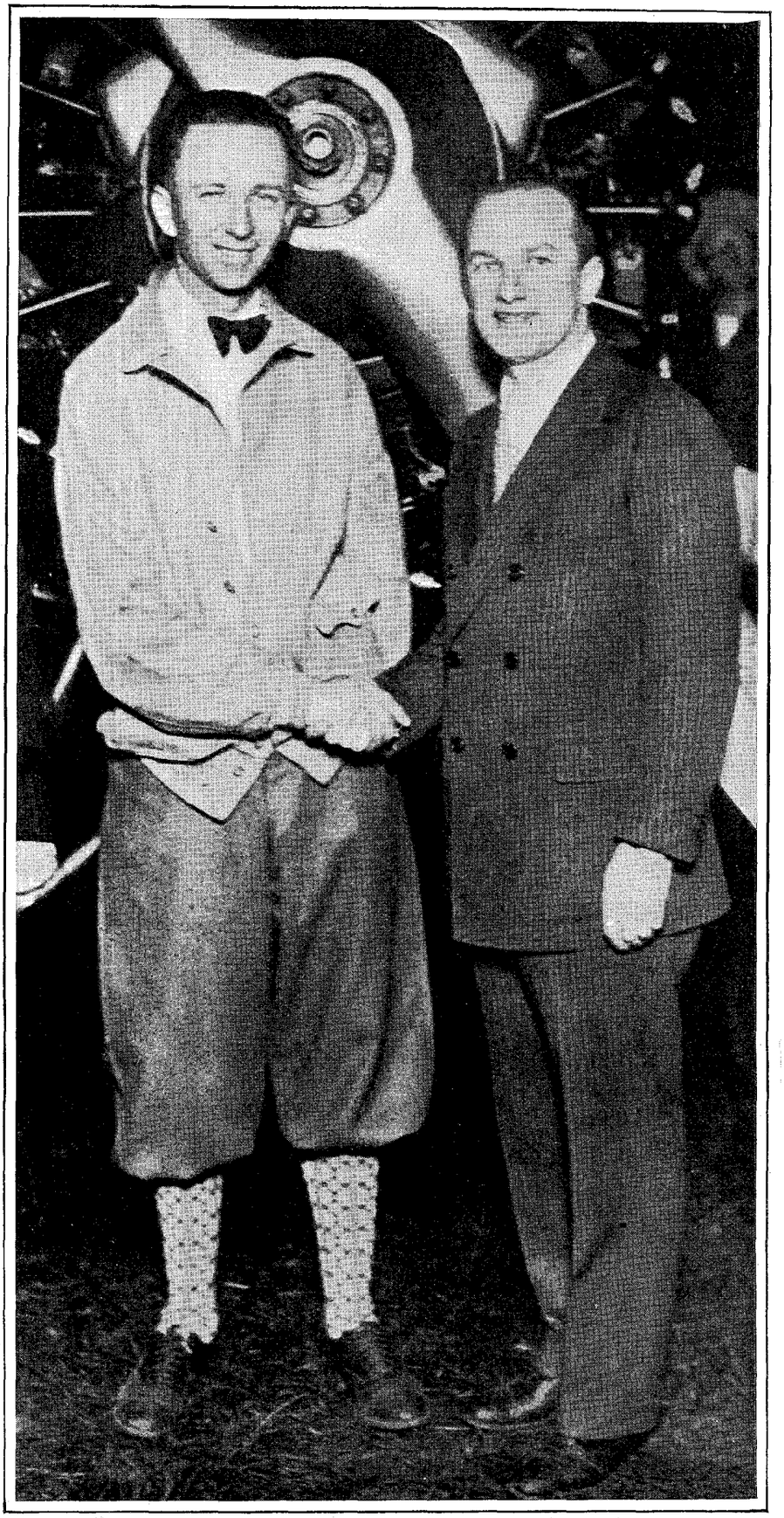
A Distinguished Board of Advisers

GOVERNOR FULLER, of Massachusetts, has requested three men of prominence, in whom the general public will have confidence, to examine evidence and papers in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and to report to him their impressions and judgments. The three advisers thus chosen are President Lowell of Harvard, President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Judge Robert Grant, who is well known to the American public at large as a writer of fiction, as a judge, and as a writer on legal topics.

This is not, as some newspapers seem to think, the reversal of any action taken by Governor Fuller in this matter. Nor is it, as it has been called, "a double inquiry."

In a letter to this committee the Governor says: "I assume that you know that the Governor cannot delegate his authority in this matter and that the law provides that the decision must be made by him. It would therefore seem reasonable that he should choose the method of investigation."

As we have more than once pointed out, there is now no possible way in which a new trial of these two condemned men can be obtained. Any action that is now taken must be the action of the Governor of the State. In



Wide World

Pilot Clarence D. Chamberlin and Passenger Charles A. Levine. Together they were first to fly from the United States to Germany and second to traverse the distance between America and the Continent

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this case Governor Fuller has evidently examined the evidence and records with much care, and, it is to be assumed, will act wisely as well as conscientiously. In obtaining the knowledge which will enable him to do this he has every right to ask others to assist him and to discuss the matter with him. At first his inquiries were pursued with the assistance of his personal counsel and of the Lieutenant-Governor, who, in case of sudden disability of the Governor, might be called upon to act in his place. Now he has enlarged his method of inquiry by the appointment of this outstanding committee.

In doing this he is acting precisely in accordance with the law relating to his pardoning power. It reads: "Inasmuch as the responsibility for his [the Governor's] determination, with or without advice, must rest upon him, both in the beginning and forever after, the natural course of proceeding would seem that he should seek such aid as he might desire from any proper source."

Churches in Council

THE close of the Presbyterian General Assembly in San Francisco strengthened the impression that the Modernists have had a quiet and reasonable success in checking Fundamentalist demands. Almost invariably, as this question has come up at various times, the Fundamentalists have been averse to any kind of compromise. To prevent any aggressive action by the Assembly on their behalf was therefore in itself a success.

Dissension seemed inevitable when the cases came up of two candidates for ordination who had been refused on account of alleged heterodox views of the Virgin Birth, but it did not seem quite certain that these young men did hold these views; and when the Moderator, Dr. Speer, asked the Assembly to repeat with him the pledges of the Apostles' Creed, and they did so, a leading Fundamentalist said, "I am satisfied; the Assembly has spoken." Certainly, the majority of the members were in favor of "peace with honor."

In the Northern Baptist Convention at Chicago the issue between Modernist and Fundamentalist also hovered in the background. It came up in connection with a discussion of the missionary work of the Church. Whether the Church was in a position to extend its present field of work, or whether it should not only confine that field to its present limits, but inquire carefully if it would not be well to restrict it, was under debate. When it came time to elect a board of directors for the Foreign Missions Society, a list of candidates said to be urged by the Fundamentalists was defeated; and in the election of Mr. W. B. Coleman as President of the Convention there had been a similar result.

The National Council of the Congregationalist churches at Omaha took no definite action as regards proposed union with other religious bodies. The set of fifteen resolutions passed dealt plainly and definitely with several subjects which are not only non-denominational but are of concern to the people of the whole country. The National Council urged "all public officials from the President to the local police" to enforce the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act. It advised ministers and laymen in the Church "to know the leaders of organized labor in their communities" and to promote good will between labor and the churches. It also advised them to employ trained workers to serve in jails and among parole delinquents as one way to upbuild the social life. It opposed compulsory military training in public schools. It commended the recent suggestion of M. Briand that France and the United States should renounce war in settlement of disputes. It registered its "unalterable opposition to military intervention in China." These are fair illustrations of the concreteness of the utterance of this great religious body.

Questions of Foreign Trade

SINCE 1914 the National Foreign Trade Council has met annually in convention. This year its gathering was held in Detroit, Michigan, with a registration of 1,425 delegates. It is a common error to suppose that foreign trade is of special interest to the seaboard. The fact that this meeting held in the interior, for the first time in six years, had a greater attendance than any since 1920 is an indication that foreign trade is a common concern to the whole Nation.

Of all the subjects considered at this meeting, that which aroused the widest public interest was the Nation's shipping. Mr. Ira A. Campbell's address on this subject, entitled "Don't Give Up the Ships," pointed out the danger of our present policy, or lack of policy. Among the resolutions adopted the most elaborate was that on the merchant marine. It urged American business men and the Government to give American ships a preference in routing their freight, and declared that "if the privately owned and operated lines are freed of uneconomic restrictions and given reasonable encouragement by public and Government they will themselves provide the new tonnage."

Among other resolutions may be mentioned one for a scientific system to enable stored flood waters to be used for commerce and transportation; one pointing out the impracticability of enforcing a balanced exchange of merchandise between any two nations, citing the fact that we bought from Asia $800,000,000 more than Asia bought from us, while we sold to Europe a billion dollars more than Europe sold to us, and concluding that "Asia's excess of sales to us helped to pay for Europe's excess of purchases from us" and that "the world's trade has now become one great composite whole;" one urging Congress to preserve the parcel-post service to Cuba; one indicating the wider market for agricultural products than that supplied by the demand for foodstuffs; and one welcoming the presence of foreign representatives, and particularly the cooperation of Canadians.

A Mad Emperor of the Philippines

FLOR ENTRENCHERADO, a Filipino, was recently examined by alienists and declared insane.

How far the Filipinos have still to go in order to reach a stage at which self-government is possible has been graphically indicated by the strange career of this insane man. In a bamboo shack near Iloilo a few weeks ago he established himself with an armed bodyguard. He threatened no insurrection. He defied no government. He brewed no disturbance. He simply set himself up to be Emperor of the Philippines and promised to all who followed him that he would establish one of those somewhat conventional utopias in which his subjects could live without work.

In New York City such a man would have been sent to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital.

In the Philippines he got a following of four hundred thousand credulous Filipinos.

Of course there was a disturbance. In the attempt to get the demented old man to an asylum people were killed. How far some of the leaders in this movement were using the old man for some purposes of their own it is at present impossible to say. Forty-eight of Entrencherado's body-guard have been arrested. Some of the ringleaders will be tried for murder.

Among people from whom an insane man can gather such a following by such promises it will be a slow task to cultivate that sense of responsibility that is

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essential to self-government. It is not to be expected that they will even understand what is meant by the word independent; but it is to be expected that they will easily be persuaded by those who promise them all sorts of benefits from independence. It certainly would not be fair to leave these people to the mercy of politicians who, undeterred by such informed public opinion as operates in the United States, play upon their credulity.

Forcing the Philippine Government "Out of Business"

A VERY definite step toward clarification of the economic situation in the Philippines has been made by Governor-General Wood in his decision to dispose of all Government-controlled corporations by offering them to the highest bidder. This summary settlement of a vexing problem has been made possible by a recent ruling of the insular Supreme Court, which upheld his full power over all Government-controlled institutions. Even if not immediately grateful, the Filipinos should in time appreciate that by turning these companies back into the hands of private business Governor-General Wood has freed their Government from a heavy burden.

The several companies under Government control, with an estimated value of $50,000,000, were organized during the prosperous days of the war to protect vital industries. They include the Manila Railroad, the Cebu Portland Cement Company, the National Coal Company, and the National Development Company, together with important sugar centrals. Every one of these enterprises has been run at a deficit, and from the start of his administration Governor-General Wood has made it a cardinal point of his policy that the "Government get out of business." The long conflict which has been waged between him and the Philippine Legislature checkmated the Governor-General on this issue, but with the power conferred by the court decision he has taken the matter in his own hands.

Freed from a burden which other better-constituted governments have found a serious handicap to a proper conduct of public affairs, the Philippine Government should now be better able to carry out that other dictum of the Governor-General—to get business into government. And now Governor-General Wood is coming to the United States for a well-earned vacation. He may not find it wholly a time of recreation. He will undoubtedly be busy. But he should find the refreshment that comes from the welcome that is due to a faithful and able public servant.

Mexico Refuses to Buy in the United States

A NEW twist in the tangled relations between Mexico and the United States has been given by a decree of President Calles forbidding any department of the Mexican Government to purchase supplies in this country. The Mexican Embassy in Washington, explaining the decree, has stated that the order was issued "in consideration of the fact that, through the existing embargo for the exportation of arms and ammunitions of war to Mexico, it has occurred that purchases made by governmental departments have been subject to delays or detention by the American customhouses."

International

Señora Natalia Calles

The wife of President Calles, of Mexico, and mother of eleven children, died in Los Angeles, California, on June 2

Both the Mexican Embassy and the Foreign Office have denied that the action represents a boycott against American products. The fact remains that the attitude of the Government will inevitably affect the feeling of private firms, and so exert some influence against purchases in the United States. It can only be interpreted as, in some measure, a reprisal for the policy of the Administration at Washington in refusing to permit Mexican officials to secure arms in the United States. The Mexican attitude apparently ignores the fact that the arms embargo has operated to prevent the equipment of revolutionary organizations in this country, and so has worked in favor of the existing Government under President Calles. Mexico is entirely within her rights, but her decision is not calculated to ease the settlement of other matters in controversy between her Government and ours.

The Death of Señora Calles

THE sympathy of all the men and women of the United States will go out to President Calles, of Mexico, in the sudden death of his wife. Señora Calles had undergone an operation at a hospital in Los Angeles, and was reported to be convalescing favorably when she was stricken by a heart attack. Leading heart specialists of the city were called, and made every effort to revive her and restore the failing action of her heart, but in vain.

Señora Calles, as the hostess of Castle Chapultepec, the Presidential mansion of Mexico City, was popular with all classes of the Mexican people. Interested primarily in her home and family, and little concerned with political affairs, she had nevertheless devoted much time and energy to work among the poor of Mexico. In her death, therefore, the Mexican nation shares a personal loss with its President.

The United States and Nicaraguan Elections

ON another page of this issue of The Outlook Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks takes issue with statements made in our issue for May 18 regarding United States supervision of the Nicaraguan elections of 1925. Among Dr. Jenks's many important activities have been his services as a member of the High Commission of Nicaragua and as director of the Pacific Railways of Nicaragua and the National Bank of Nicaragua. Dr. Jenks makes it clear that, while Mr. H. W. Dodds was sent from the United States and prepared the election law passed by the Nicaraguan Legislature and supervised the registration of voters, there was no direct supervision of the balloting. But the statement of The Outlook referred not only to the preparations which Dr. Jenks has described, but also to the fact that at the time United States marines were stationed in Nicaragua to keep order. In previous issues, in discussing the Nicaraguan situation of that period, The Outlook has taken the position that the presence of the marines tended to prevent any possibility of civil war, and so constituted a guaranty that elections would be carried through legally and peacefully. It was

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I'll play the hunter

(Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Scene 1.)

Cargill in the Kansas City Journal

The unhappy hunting grounds

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Kansas City, Mo.

Kirby in the New York World

The home of the Sioux

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Talburt in the New York Telegram

Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look!

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Morris in the Hartford Courant

The will-o'-the-wisp

From Harold S. Winship, Newington, Conn.

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in this sense that The Outlook considered them "supervised."

Whether or not it is the fact, as Dr. Jenks indicates, that the elections were carried by force and fraud, it is certain that after the marines were withdrawn in 1926 power was seized by General Chamorro, whom the United States refused to recognize. That led to Chamorro's retirement and to the election of Diaz by the Assembly. It is true, as Dr. Jenks says, that neither the former President, Solorzano, nor the Vice-President, Sacasa, each of whom had constitutional claims to authority, was in the country at the time. But it is also fairly common knowledge that both had fled in fear for their safety during the dictatorship of General Chamorro. Whether Diaz was an "associate" of Chamorro or not may be judged by the fact that he appointed Chamorro as an envoy to Europe.

The Outlook agrees, as it has frequently said on its own account, that the best thing to do now is to await the outcome of the next election. The United States should see to it that the election is a fair one, on the basis of which full control of Nicaraguan affairs can be restored to the Nicaraguan nation.

The War Moves North in China

A DECISIVE battle in the plains of Honan Province, north of the great Yangtze River in central China, has been taking place between the forces of the Chinese Nationalists and the northern militarists. As a result, the northerners have been reported retreating to points north of the Yellow River, leaving the important provinces of Honan and Shantung to the Nationalists. All sorts of rumors have come over the cables from the region of the confused struggle—that General Wu Pei-fu's troops in Honan have joined the Nationalists, that General Feng Yu-hsiang with his armies from Chili Province is now giving the Nationalists active aid, that peace negotiations based on elimination of the radicals from the Nationalist ranks are in progress between representatives of General Chiang Kai-shek, the leader of the Nationalists, and General Chang Tso-lin, the chief of the militarists. The truth in all these reports only time can show, but one certainty is that the Nationalists are again pushing forward successfully from the south toward Peking.

The Powers, concerned for the safety of their citizens and interests, have at once moved to meet the new situation. The United States has transferred General Smedley D. Butler with the Sixth Marines and the Tenth Artillery Regiment from the port of Shanghai to Tientsin, in northern China. The Third Marines are being sent from the Philippines to replace the forces at Shanghai. Great Britain, France, and Japan have also strengthened their detachments of troops at Tientsin. In doing this the Powers are not taking an action directed in any sense against China. They are simply making certain their ability to keep the railway line open from Peking to Tientsin and the sea. Treaty agreements with China have given them the right to do this ever since the Boxer uprising, and no one who recalls that will question the need. In a different category is the despatch by Japan of some two thousand soldiers to Tsingtao, in Shantung. That is the port which Japan ceded back to China at the Washington Conference. Its reoccupation has aroused Chinese suspicions of Japanese aims once more, and is likely to give Japan a troublesome question to settle with China.

Rockefeller Aid to London University

THE Rockefeller Foundation has once again shown its disinterested devotion to the cause of education and scientific research by its contribution to the fund for the purchase of a site for the proposed University Center of London University. This great institution, which has more than 20,000 students in its University College alone, with branches and associated schools scattered throughout London, has long felt the need of a point of concentration for its educational and research facilities. The Rockefeller donation has brought the fulfillment of this need immeasurably nearer.

The Bedford site, where the proposed University Center would be established, consists of eleven acres which lie between the University College and the British Museum. Near at hand is one of the University's many departments, the London School of Economics and Political Science. It is an unrivaled site for an intellectual center, and its acquisition would make possible a concentration of resources giving London University a unique position in the educational world.

Eleven Hundred Years of St. Mihiel

WHEN the American troops under General Pershing went into their first big battle, the scene of action was the town of St. Mihiel, in the Department of Meuse. The Germans had put a dent in the otherwise straight French line at this point, and since the beginning of the war the spot had been a dangerous one for the Allies. Late in September, 1914, the enemy made this important advance, and during the next four years they held their own at that point.

It was on August 29, 1918, that the American reinforcements were placed here, and, while the fighting continued until late September, it was on the 12th and 13th of that month that the American boys captured the town, and with it 13,000 German prisoners.

Under happier skies the little city has been celebrating its eleventh centenary, on Sunday and Monday of Pentecost, June 5 and 6. It may claim in reality to be even a hundred years older than this, for it was in 709 that the Benedictine Abbey of St. Michael, from which it takes its name, was founded. The beginnings of a real town may, however, be traced fairly definitely to 827.

The fêtes have taken the form of a historic parade, with over a hundred persons dressed in costumes of the fifteenth century. According to plans presumably carried out, the Duc de Bar and the Duc d'Anjou were to enter the town from the Chavoncourt road, and the Count-Bishop of Verdun, and Lord Reynier de Creuc, from the Verdun road. The inhabitants were to welcome them with ancient ceremony.

The Spirit of St. Louis

AT the very moment that Charles Lindbergh was forging a new modern link between the New World and the Old a group of artists in Old Quebec were demonstrating the existence of a cultural link that has survived for over two hundred years. As the Spirit of St. Louis winged its way eastward the spirit of St. Louis was being evoked on the cliffs above the St. Lawrence.

When more than two centuries ago the hardy French adventurers set forth in their small caravels to brave the terrors of the then little-known Atlantic, they brought with them to their adopted homes along the St. Lawrence the songs they had sung in Normandy, Picardy, Brittany, and other parts of their homeland. There are vast stretches in the Province of Quebec where speech and ways of living bear a closer similarity to those of seventeenth-century France than they do to those of the France of to-day; there are many outlying spots that are still bits of seventeenth-century France set down in the midst of modern America.

In these isolated communities the women, lace-capped and clothed in gar-

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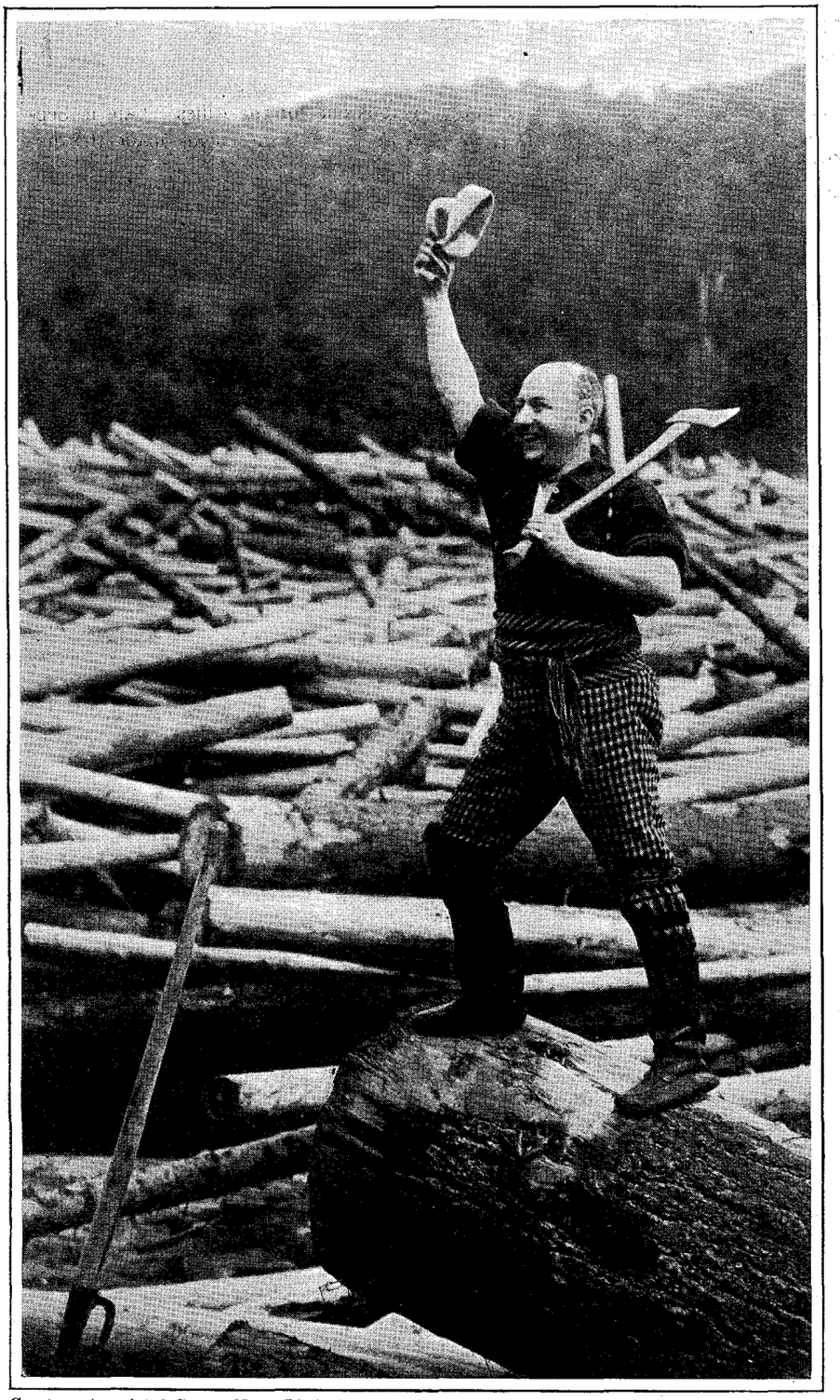

Courtesy Associated Screen News Limited

Charles Marchand, singer of habitant chansons

ments made entirely by themselves, still sing the age-old songs as they go about their work in exactly the same manner as their mothers have done for two dozen generations, and as the men work in the fields or woods, at their nets, or on the river drive they also sing the songs their fathers knew.

These songs have been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation; only within recent years has any attempt been made to place them on record. Some four thousand different melodies have now been collected on behalf of the Canadian National Museum at Ottawa, principally through the industry and enthusiasm of Dr. Marius Barbeau.

A collection of the most popular of these old *chansons* has recently been compiled and translated into English by John Murray Gibbon, of Montreal, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. The musical harmonizations are by Geoffrey O'Hara and Oscar O'Brien. Thus these most ancient folk-songs of European origin on the North American continent are now available for those not familiar with the French language; and it is possible that the jazz of the South may yet find a rival in these new-old *chansons* from the North.

In order that the Canadian people and others might have a chance to learn of this rich mine of music that they had uncovered, Dr. Barbeau and Mr. Gibbon persuaded the Canadian National Museum and the Canadian Pacific Railway to stage a three-day folk-song and handicraft festival at the Château Frontenac, Quebec, on May 20, 21, and 22.

There in that beautiful edifice that dominates the heights of Quebec, under the shadow of the citadel itself, and occupying one of the most historic sites in Canada, still redolent of the days of the old régime, were gathered the most famous folk-singers, clog-dancers, and old-time fiddlers to be found in all Quebec Province.

Vicariously, the auditors paddled down nameless streams in slight canoes of birch bark under the magic spell of Charles Marchand's Gatineau River Quartet to the tune of "The Raftmen," "Youpe, Youpe River Along," or "Send Her on Along," the last of which John Murray Gibbon has translated as follows:

But when we come to Canada
We have a good old time ha! ha!
But when we've spent an hour or two,
Just see us move the old canoe!
Send her on along, along!
Send her on along!

But when we've spent an hour or two,
Just see us move the old canoe
And when the folks see us come in,
You'll see the song and dance begin!
Send her on along, along!
Send her on along!

So pronounced was the success of the festival that it is proposed to make it an annual event.

Pick Out Your Story and Stick to It

IT is perhaps worth while to record some of the recent arguments which we have heard against prohibition. Possibly some of those who do not share The Outlook's hope that the Eighteenth Amendment may be given a square deal may not care for the order in which these objections are ranged below. To us, however, they seemed logically to fall into certain definite groups.

I

The Prohibition Law is a failure because there is just as much liquor drunk

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in the country as before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Because of their inability to get anything to drink, thousands of people are taking to drugs.

II

Prohibition has destroyed the legitimate liquor business and yet has allowed the country to become deluged to an extent never known before with poisonous alcoholic drink. The Government is slowly killing the people.

Prohibition is so ineffective that the manufacturers of illicit liquors are producing liquor which averages as good as that which Americans ever drank.

III

Under prohibition young people see drinking wherever they go, and are therefore enticed into becoming addicts in ever-increasing numbers.

In the old days liquor was served in the home, and young people, being accustomed to it, did not drink to excess.

IV

Prohibition is a gross violation of personal liberty, and should be destroyed on that account if for no other reason.

The evils of prohibition can be eliminated by permitting the Government to sell alcoholic liquors, restricting their sale, of course, to suitable quantities and to people who will not abuse them.

It would seem as though at least fifty per cent of these objections to prohibition must be invalid.

Anti-War Treaties

TWO draft treaties have been prepared and published as proposals for "outlawing war." One of these, drafted last year, has been offered anew for public discussion by the American Foundation (established by Edward Bok), the other has been drafted by Professor Shotwell and Professor Chamberlain, of Columbia University. They both provide for substitutes for war as a means of settling international disputes. There is nothing of startling novelty in either of them. In both of them resort is had to conciliation, arbitration, and judicial settlement.

In addition, the Church Peace Union (founded by Andrew Carnegie) and the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches (two organizations with for the most part identical executive officers) have been sending out circulars in the interest of the reduction of armaments and the substitution of peaceful means of settling disputes in place of war.

These appeals to public opinion have been suggested, first, by what M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, said on the tenth anniversary of America's entry into the World War, and, secondly, by the forthcoming naval conference between the United States, Great Britain, and Japan.

If nations are to make progress in substituting reason for force in their relations with one another, they must keep faith. No promise is worth anything that is not kept. All the promises in the world are worse than useless if in exigencies they cannot be relied on. It is easy to draw up a treaty. It is not always easy to keep it. All the world knows one treaty that was regarded in a crisis as a scrap of paper. What was the result? The nations that relied on it are suffering and will continue to suffer for a generation or more from their wounds, and the nation that ignored it bids for sympathy—not unsuccessfully—on the ground that it is the victim of its own promises.

America does not want to be the victim of her own promises or those of any other nation.

Let us, therefore, in the first place, make no treaty which we are not sure we shall, under all circumstances even to our own hurt, observe.

Let us, in the second place, not make a treaty with a nation that we cannot trust under all circumstances to keep it.

In deciding what promises we are sure we shall keep, we shall need to consider whether we want to "outlaw" every kind of war. One of the draft treaties specifically excepts from its provisions any war "of defense." Does that mean simply self-defense? If so, does that mean a nation's defense simply of its own territory or of something more—its institutions, its integrity, its rights? If not, does that mean that a nation is to be more concerned for its soil than for its soul? for its size than for its character? And if all war except war of self-defense is to be outlawed, then shall a nation, considered honorable if it defends itself, be considered dishonorable if it defends a weaker people?

We shall need, too, to consider whether—even in matters not distinctly involving defense—we shall always be willing to forego the resort to force. What provision in any treaty can there be that corresponds to a mandamus or injunction? There are occasions when time is the essence of the matter. While we are waiting for the slow processes of conciliation, arbitration, and judicial settlement, irreparable injury may be done. In domestic affairs under such conditions a court may issue a mandamus or injunction? In international affairs what can take the place of injunction or mandamus except force? A householder has the right to grapple with a burglar without waiting even for an injunction against burglary. Or, if he thinks it is wiser, he may call the police. He does not sue the burglar. In international affairs to what police can a nation appeal except to its own armed forces?

M. Briand says that "France would be willing to subscribe publicly with the United States to any mutual engagement tending to outlaw war, to use an American expression, as between those two countries." America might well respond by saying that she would willingly subscribe to any such engagement—with France. That is because we can trust France not to do those things that would oppress our neighbors, violate our territory, undermine our institutions, or require us to call in the police. But it does not follow that a treaty with France would serve as a model for a treaty with every other nation—or any other nation. We can make a treaty with France outlawing war just because with France we do not need such a treaty.

Anti-war treaties will be safe—and unnecessary—when nations are morally disarmed. The one effectual way to get rid of war is to induce nations to stop doing the things that make war inevitable. Mr. Adachi's article in this issue gives an instance of the surest way to banish the spirit of war. Treaties are useful in proportion as they express mutual concession, mutual understanding, mutual confidence. As Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, recognized, it is the imponderables that count.

Where Is Mr. Carroll and Why?

AS the aftermath of an episode in the night life of New York, Mr. Earl Carroll, producer of musical shows, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a period of incarceration in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta. Mr. Carroll said that he was being railroaded to Atlanta because he lied like a gentleman. The more prosaic view of the judge and jury was that he was sent to Atlanta because he had committed perjury. Possibly the fine distinction between the view expressed by Mr. Carroll and the opinion held by the judge and jury is not a matter of any great importance, for Mr. Carroll has never yet been within the walls of the Atlanta Penitentiary.

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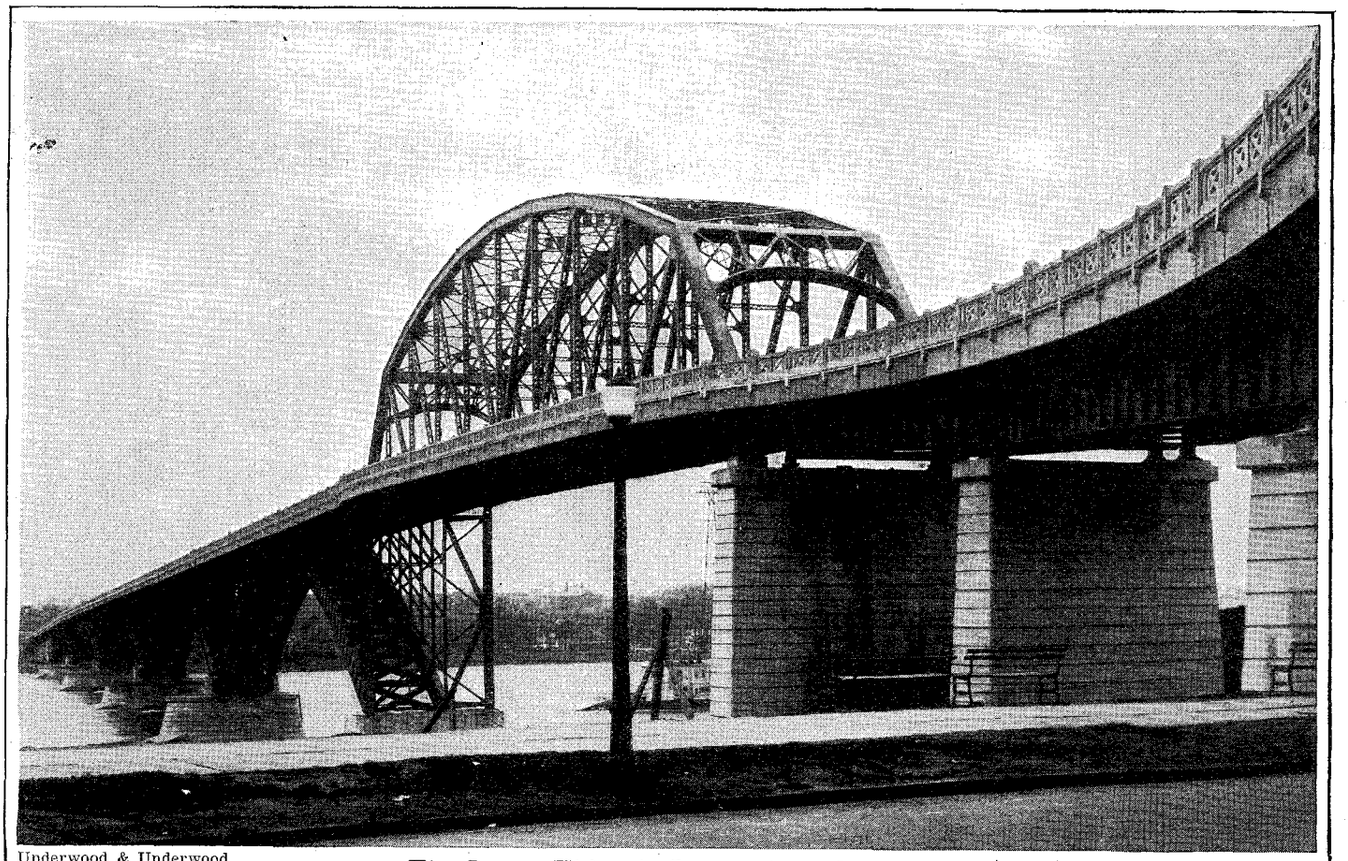

Underwood & Underwood

The Latest Thing in International Bridges

Here is the new bridge across the Niagara River between Buffalo and Fort Erie. It links western New York State with the Province of Ontario

It is true that he left New York amid the tears of his friends and the click of camera shutters. His journey South, however, was interrupted by the fact that he is said to have gone into a coma and that since he recovered from the coma he has not been in a physical condition which would permit his removal to Atlanta. The report of Mr. Carroll's condition as described by his own physicians is not wholly convincing to the lay mind. The mass of medical verbiage reduced to plain language seems to bear the simple interpretation that Mr. Carroll does not like the climate of Atlanta. So far the public has been given no authoritative report on Mr. Carroll's condition from Government physicians.

The Outlook certainly has no desire to urge a step which will be dangerous to the health of any man, convicted or unconvicted. We wonder, however, how many people who contemplate the status of Mr. Carroll's incarceration may be moved to the same comment which we recently heard from the lips of a man who had himself felt the rigors of the law in three separate State prisons. Soon after Carroll started South this man offered to bet his savings (honestly acquired, by the way) that Earl Carroll would never see the inside of the Atlanta Penitentiary. "There is one law in this country for the rich," he said, "and one law for the poor."

The question of Mr. Carroll's confinement may seem a simple matter to the National Government. Those, however, who remember the effect of the Morse scandal upon the Taft Administration and the reputation of Harry Daugherty may think that it would be politically wise for the Administration to make certain that no similar occurrence mars its record. Morse, it will be remembered, was pardoned by President Taft upon the recommendation of Daugherty, on the ground that he was in a dying condition. A release from prison promptly restored him to health, and he lived long enough to get into difficulties with the law again. President Coolidge himself might find it worth while to make a direct inquiry into the health of Earl Carroll and the reasons why the prison hospital at Atlanta is not adequate to care for his physical needs. It might not even require a Presidential inquiry to enable the Department of Justice to let the country know what it is doing with Earl Carroll and whether his term of imprisonment will expire before he gets within prison walls.

Some Notes and Comment

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

AS a title for one of my recent articles in these pages I used the phrase "Flaming Youth." It has elicited the following interesting letter from a firm in Detroit, Michigan, which is engaged in the useful business of book publishing and providing lecturers for lyceums:

Detroit, Michigan,
May 31, 1927.

Dear Sir.—You, like many other literary men, make use of some striking phrase or literary mannerism coined by J. Hannibal Clancey in "The Law and Its Sorrows." But you have never been gracious enough to give that book any of your publicity, although a copy was sent The Outlook on November 22, 1922, for review.

Now where do you suppose you picked up the phrase "Flaming Youth" with which you have decorated your very credible (*sic*) article in The Outlook? It may be that you

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saw it in a great electric sign over Broadway, or as the title of a very silly novel within the past three years, but if you will turn to page 233 of "The Law and Its Sorrows" you may read: "to further excite the flaming energies of youth," where it was used for the first time.

The book is full of epigrammatic thought, quirks, and conceits, quite generally used to-day with no credit to the author. . . .

Now what objection is there to giving this book the place in literature which it deserves?

Sincerely yours,
THE BENTHAM INSTITUTE.

No objection whatever; which is the reason why this letter is printed here. I suppose I "picked up the phrase 'Flaming Youth'" in a play called "Hamlet," written more than three centuries before "The Law and Its Sorrows" was published by the Bentham Institute. The authorship of "Hamlet" is still *res injudicata* in the supreme court of literature, but it is commonly ascribed to one William Shakespeare. The phrase in "Hamlet," which I am accused of plagiarizing from Judge Clancey, appears in the following lines from Act III, Scene 4:

Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire.

I recommend "Hamlet" to the proprietor of the Bentham Institute. In one respect it is comparable to "The Law and Its Sorrows;" to use the effective phraseology of the Bentham Institute, "Hamlet" "is full of epigrammatic thought, quirks, and conceits, quite generally used to-day with no credit to the author."

IN the unusually careful and accurate New York "Times" I find the following special despatch from Atlantic City:

ATLANTIC CITY, June 4.—The failure of prohibition enforcement was stressed by Edward F. Duffield, President of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and William T. Read, retiring President of the New Jersey State Bar Association, at the annual spring meeting of the Bar Association at the Hotel Ambassador to-day.

Mr. Duffield characterized the enforcement of the dry law as little short of ridiculous and declared it was a failure primarily because it was impossible to legislate on morality. "Laws will never take the place of the theological in our social life," he said.

There is manifestly something wrong about the hearing of the correspondent who sent this report. But if Mr. Duffield said that men cannot be made "moral" or "good" by statute he is entirely right. Truth, honesty, loyalty, decency, plain living, and high thinking cannot be instilled by law. The laws against murder and theft are not enacted for the purpose of teaching men the morality of the commands, "Thou shalt not steal" and "Thou shalt not kill," but to protect society from those men who have no innate respect for property rights or the right to life. Doubtless there are many people who think that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law were enacted to promote total abstinence and to teach the immorality of drunkenness. But this, I believe, is a mistaken view. The Prohibition Amendment does not make it immoral to drink a glass of wine or a cocktail. It is simply the last, desperate effort of American society to protect itself against the liquor trade, which for a hundred years has been corrupt and lawless and has brutally resisted every attempt at reasonable control. Spitting is not an immoral act. There are times and places in which the finest hygienic laws require expectoration. But society has found that expectoration in public places is a menace, and so it has passed laws to criminally punish those who are not restrained from public expectoration by a natural sense of decency. Public expectoration has been outlawed; by the same token the liquor trade has been outlawed.

This social experiment in outlawry may not succeed, but the sooner this view of prohibition gets into the minds of reasonable and intelligent men, the sooner we shall be able to discover whether this latest form of outlawry is the way in which society is justified in protecting itself against a vicious and lawless group.

IN discoursing lately in this column on secondary schools and the fine but often unrecognized influence which the masters and mistresses of preparatory and public schools have exercised on social progress I referred to Thomas Arnold of Rugby, celebrated in "Tom Brown's School Days," by Thomas Hughes—a pleasant trio of Toms. I mistakenly ascribed to Dr. Arnold the characterization by one of his pupils that "he was a beast, but a just beast."

I do not regret my error, because it has brought me some interesting comments. The epithet really belongs to Dr. Temple, not Dr. Arnold, as will be seen from the following convincing letter from a lady in Ogdensburg, New York:

In reading the article in The Outlook of May 18 on "The Secondary School and Its Importance" I notice that you give to Dr. Arnold's discipline the verdict of the boys that he "was a beast, but a just beast."

I happen to know the whole story of that verdict, told me by Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, one morning when we were visiting at Lambeth Palace. It was really of Dr. Temple himself that that verdict was given. He told the tale in high glee—of the boy who wrote to his father about being called to the study of the "master," saying: "I can tell you, father, when I had the summons to the study I almost shook in my shoes, but then I thought, 'I know he is a beast, but he is a just beast,' and so it proved, for the punishment was not too bad."

The father of this boy was so pleased with his son's letter that he sent it to Dr. Temple, who used to chuckle over the story each time he told it.

Dr. Temple was a product of Balliol, the Oxford college which has given so many notable men to the intellectual life of England. Like Jowett of Balliol, he was, because of his "sweet reasonableness," at one time suspected of heterodoxy, but, as one commentator puts it, "this distrust died away and he acquired a reputation for absolute justice and impartiality."

As Head Master of Rugby Dr. Temple fully lived up to the standards of education set up by Dr. Arnold. In 1869 Gladstone made him Bishop of Exeter; he was promoted to the see of London, and finally, when seventy-five years of age, became Archbishop of Canterbury, an office which for historical dignity and honor is hardly surpassed in Great Britain, not even by the Premiership. The two Archbishops of the Church of England are both Primates, but Canterbury is Primate of All England, while York is merely Primate of England. Thus the English, in characteristic fashion, get over the illogical but nevertheless very practical difficulties of social position and precedence. It would not do to have an episcopal controversy at a coronation, for instance. So it has been settled once and forever that the Primate of All England crowns the King, while the Primate of England must be contented with crowning the Queen-Consort. With the rapidly growing ascendency of women in England—under the magnetic influence of Lady Astor—I wonder what will happen when the queens are the rulers-in-chief and the kings simply consorts? But perhaps that is looking a little far into the future.

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The Japanese Cabinet in session. Baron Tanaka, Premier of Japan, is on the extreme right

WE are happy to publish on this page the message of Baron Tanaka, Premier of Japan, to the American people. It was cabled by Baron Tanaka for publication in The Outlook on the eve of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK.

The Japanese Prime Minister's Message to The Outlook

IN view of the fact that armament competition between nations only serves to increase the burden of taxation upon peoples and to foment suspicion and disputes between them, the Japanese Government has never ceased to entertain ardent hopes for the realization of just and proper limitation of armaments along practical lines, through the mutual understanding and co-operation of various friendly countries, thereby removing the cause of international discord and insuring world peace and the welfare of mankind.

This is the reason why the Japanese Government, animated as it is by the desire of perfecting the work of the Washington Conference for the prevention of competition in naval construction, was the first gladly to accept the invitation of the President of the United States to the forthcoming Conference at Geneva for the limitation of naval armament.

It is superfluous to say that the present Ministry will exert itself for the success of the Conference as much as for its predecessor, and I am fully convinced that the delegates of the participating countries will, by mutual concession and co-operation, succeed in reaching an agreement which is fair and satisfactory to all parties concerned and which also contributes to the peace and solidarity of the world.

This is no more than a manifestation of the spirit underlying the Pacific policy of Japan, which is always ready to promote peace and friendship among the countries bordering on the Pacific in order to advance the common prosperity of mankind. With this in mind, she has taken part in all international gatherings that have any bearing upon the Pacific and is determined to go hand in hand with other countries and to spare no effort to reach the end she has in view.

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Japan at the Three-Power Conference at Geneva

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

JAPAN'S acceptance of President Coolidge's invitation to the Arms Limitation Conference at Geneva reads much the same as her answer to President Harding's kindly message asking her to come to Washington in November, 1921. There is a difference between the spirit in which she came to Washington and the one in which she is heading for Geneva—a vast, an incredible difference.

And that difference is the one important thing with the Conference about to meet at Geneva—as far as America and Japan are concerned; as far as the future peace of the Pacific is involved.

Limiting the number and tonnage of cruisers and other secondary ships in the three Powers' naval construction programs is important in its way, of course. But that sort of thing is merely pruning the branches. That kind of good work does not strike the problem at its roots.

What does strike right at the root of the thing is the radical and profound change which has taken place in Japan's attitude, in her popular sentiment on a big navy.

AT the time of the Washington Conference the popular sentiment of Japan was convinced that America, with all her tremendous power thoroughly awakened through the World War and with her tremendous wealth amassed through the same European War, was making a thorough and unparalleled preparation for a mighty war against Japan; that she, America, might be the undisputed dictator of the destiny of Asia. Japan visioned herself crashed into the status of a subject state under the iron heels of America armed to the teeth. Is the picture funny to our gentle American reader? It wasn't a bit humorous to my Nipponese countrymen just about the time they came to Washington. Incidentally, this picture is not a particle more grotesque than that of a million yellow soldiers in the uniform of the Japanese army sweeping the Pacific slope of these United States with death and destruction—not a particle. And that precisely, as you may recall, was the picture quite a number of good and patriotic American citizens used to see just about the same time.

Japan came to Washington vividly conscious of all the tar and feathers with which her enemy propagandists had so nicely dressed her up. She came to the Washington Conference thoroughly uncomfortable because of her mounting suspicions over the great American naval construction program of 1916.

And now? Nippon is going to Geneva at the invitation of another American President and for a similar conference.

But with what a change of heart—with what a difference in the national sentiment at home backing our Geneva delegation!

No nightmare of American war. Not a suspicion of American design!

WHENCE, then, all this profound difference? Japan's change of heart dates back to the Washington Conference. But not because the United States scrapped so many of her great capital ships built and building. The real reason—the overwhelming reason which overcame all Japan's suspicions and converted her in spite of herself—was elsewhere. It was in Article XIX of the Naval Armament Limitation Treaty:

"The United States, the British Empire, and Japan agree that the *status quo* at the time of the signing of the present Treaty, with regard to fortifications and naval bases, shall be maintained in their respective territories and possessions specified hereunder:

"(1) The insular possessions which the United States now holds or may hereafter acquire in the Pacific Ocean, except (*a*) those adjacent to the coast of the United States, Alaska, and the Panama Canal Zone, not including the Aleutian Islands, and (*b*) the Hawaiian Islands, etc."

IT was not a mere generous gesture—such as the sensational announcement of the list of great ships America was willing to throw on the junk-pile as a price of international peace. In the above pledge America said to the world in general and to Nippon in particular that she, America, of her own accord, would make it practically impossible for her to wage a great naval war in the regions of the western Pacific. At the time of the Washington Conference, as to-day, America had no naval bases in that part of the world with docking, repairing, refueling facilities for her fighting fleet. And without such naval bases her great Armada would prove an expensive joke to herself; not at all a menace to Nippon's existence. In that pledge America spoke to Japan in the one way Japan could understand—in the only way Japan could not misunderstand her. What America said was simply that she had no idea of forcing a war against Japan. And Japan believed her without a touch of misgiving.

And that eliminated America from the black list of Japanese nightmares. And right there the hot tide of Japan's naval expansion fever met an Arctic current. Off and on, even after the Washington Conference, we have heard a few of our big-navy men and politicians make free with colorful adjectives and violent phrases. We do hear them even now occasionally. But about all they have managed to achieve is to get seasick in a typhoon of their own words. They cut about as impressive a figure as the famous knight charging a windmill. And they act as if they themselves have a sneaking suspicion of a generous contribution they are making to the gayety of nations.

AS matters stand now, about the only tunes our big-navy men can play to get anything like a popular response, are the proposed Singapore naval base, the unspeakable turmoil in China, and the stab in the back from Soviet Russia. But, of course, China or Russia cannot threaten the sea power of Nippon for some few years to come. That leaves only the Singapore naval base and the steadily rising might of the great island continent of Australia.

The coming Geneva Conference should make this fact stand out in all its simple boldness as the one dominant factor in preserving the peace of the Pacific basin. If it does, then the cause of American-Japanese amity would gain tremendously. If only Nippon be happy enough to make the world in general and the United States in particular see this all-vital (and incidentally all-apparent) fact through the forthcoming Geneva Conference, she can afford to pat herself on the back even if she fail in all other

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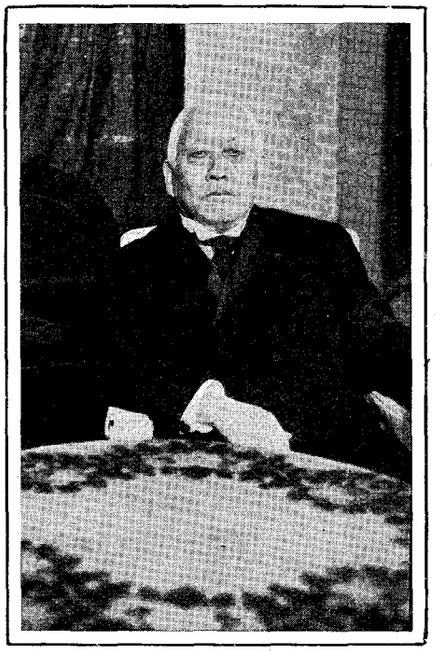
aspirations of hers. Compared to this, other things are meaningless and unimportant.

As for the Singapore naval base, the public sentiment of Japan feels rather jumpy about it. When the first announcement of the project was given out under the first Baldwin Ministry, there was quite a lot of fireworks on the editorial pages of Japanese papers. One and all, they denounced it as a violation of the spirit and guiding principle of the Washington Treaty. It does not violate the technicality of the Washington agreement—not the letter of it. For Singapore does not lie "east of the meridian of 110 degrees east longitude," in the language of the Treaty. But Singapore is less than 2,455 miles to Nagasaki. A great naval base there would cost some $100,000,000, according to the estimate of the late Admiral Scott; to complete it is something Japan could never afford to wink at and pass on. And when the British prophets of the American-Japanese war came out with that grandiose naïveté, so peculiarly British, and declared to all the world and repeatedly that "a naval base at Singapore is indispensable and would be a focus of Anglo-American co-operation in the event of war with Japan," it didn't help matters very much. To be sure, the childish vaporings of all these British prophets of evil seem to have been made without so much as asking for America's permission, let alone America's consent. And that is a big comfort to Japan, of course.

In November, last year, because of the British Imperial Conference (which, by the by, held its more vital sessions behind closed doors), the Singapore naval base found its way to the front pages of our newspapers again. There was again a pretty free and frank display of just what Japan thought of it all.

"The fortification of Singapore," declared the "Hochi," the most popular newspaper in Tokyo, "for the operations of the British fleet will excite armament competition throughout the world. . . . We venture to call upon the British Empire for reflection, and frankly state that the construction of a naval base at Singapore at unusual sacrifice is understood to be an indication of her hostile sentiment toward Japan." And the "Chuo:" "It is not necessary to dwell at length on what a sensation the construction of a naval base within a short distance will arouse in Japan." And the "Chugai Shogyo," the most important financial paper in Japan, known for its sober conservatism: "From all points of view, fortified Singapore is not necessary for Great Britain and her Dominions. On the contrary, when the plan is realized, it will constitute causes for international armament competition, and this will disturb the peace of the world." And the "Kokumin:" "The situation in the East is going back toward old times by the fortification of a base at Singapore."



Admiral Viscount Minoru Saito, chief Japanese delegate to the Geneva Three-Power Conference

One thing is certain: The British fleet based at Singapore, with Hongkong as its spring-board, is much more formidable a threat to Japan than the American fleet based either at Guam or in the Philippines.

Japan goes to Geneva now, therefore, in an entirely different frame of mind, with an entirely different emotion, and also in quite a different position from that which she had at Washington. The more effective, the more rigorous the measure for the limitation of the future construction of cruisers and other secondary fighting crafts, the more pleased she would be, provided always the limitation applies to the three great naval Powers of the world with equal justice and fairness—as long as the Article XIX of the Washington Treaty remains in force.

There are good and sufficient reasons for all this change, of course. Perhaps the most apparent and convincing of them is the new attitude on the part of the people of Japan toward taxation. In the good old golden days of the Elder Nippon all that the Government had to do to get the funds for the army and navy was to wave the flag a little and tell the good people what a noble privilege and lofty favor the authorities were conferring upon the low-down mass in permitting them to contribute to the high enterprise. To-day all that has changed. The position has been reversed in a way. It is the taxpayers now who occupy the seat of the judge and pass upon the applications of the Government for armament funds.

And men like Mr. Ozaki, a liberal politician of wide reputation for his activities for disarmament in Japan, have been going about the country telling the people that we Japanese are the most heavily taxed people on the face of the globe in proportion to our wealth. And he has been doing this for years now.

According to the figures of our Finance Department published a few years ago, the total wealth of Nippon stood at $43,000,000,000 and that of the United States at $350,000,000,000. The estimated per capita wealth amounted to $770 in Japan and $3,289 for Americans. According to these official figures, we were poorer even than the Italians. The National tax, direct and indirect, in the United States last year amounted to about $24.20 per head. In the present financial year the Japanese are bearing about $9 per head direct and indirect national tax. This includes all the profits from Government monopolies, of course.

In other words, while the American is worth more than four times as much as one of us in Japan, he is called upon to pay the National tax only 2.7 times as much as that paid by the Japanese. Patriotism is a great and noble thing, of course. But cash is cash. Moreover, the world-wide unpopularity of militarism has made an abiding impression in Japan as elsewhere. All these things go far to explain the eagerness of Japan to welcome any practical move on the part of Great Powers for the limitation of armaments.

The choice of Admiral Viscount Minoru Saito to head our Geneva delegation shows just how important Japan thinks the Conference is. Admiral Saito is to-day one of the big outstanding figures among the public men of Japan. For seven years past he has served as the Governor-General of Chosen—a post demanding exceptional statesmanship and personal courage. Before that he had held the portfolio of the Minister of the Navy, under the Premiership of Prince Saionji, of Prince Katsura, and of Count Yamamoto. The Japanese navy, therefore, has not only an able spokesman at Geneva, but also a wise friend of long experience.

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A Letter from Madame Breshkovsky

The Foe of an Ancient Tyranny Fights against the New

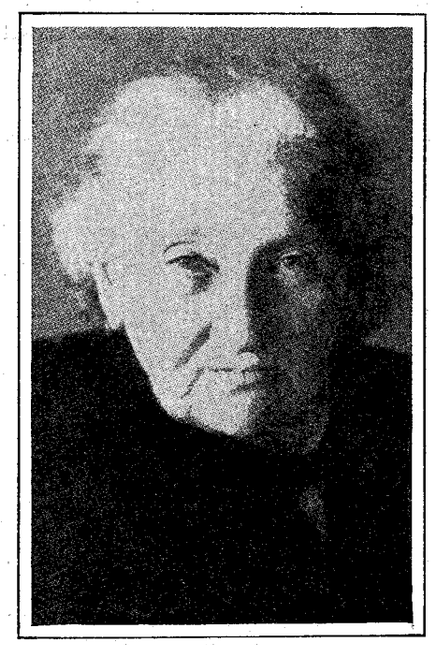
By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

ONCE I gave a box of candy to a lady; and was given a kiss in return! That story was told in The Outlook during the war. Now I have sent another box of candy to the same lady, and have in response a letter in which Outlook readers will be interested; for, so far as there is romance in this tale, The Outlook is involved in it.

THE lady in the case is Madame Catherine Breshkovsky, "the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," or "Baboushka," as Russians affectionately call her. In 1917, shortly after she had come out of exile in Siberia, where by repeated deportations and imprisonments as a political prisoner, she had spent something like fifty of her seventy-three years, I visited Madame Breshkovsky in her rooms in the Winter Palace, Petrograd. I persuaded her to write a message to the American people, which, with an introduction, was published in The Outlook of November 21, 1917. My friend Charles E. Beury, now president of Temple University, Philadelphia, was along and took a photograph of us as we talked.

Madame Breshkovsky impressed me as the most remarkable woman I had ever met in a long journalistic experience. Her public-mindedness, her unshakable steadfastness to her life principles, her absolute self-immolation in the cause of liberty and of her people's welfare, her lofty magnanimity toward the Czar and other representatives of the old order who had so frightfully penalized her for her qualities of greatness, her passionate devotion to the amelioration of the lot of the Russian peasants—all these noble qualities challenged admiration.

Naturally, therefore, when I ran across a fashionable confectioner's store on the Nevsky Prospect that was actually selling candy to a long queue of persons, I fell in line to secure a box of sweets for my new friend. Petrograd was sugarless at the time, and this was sugarless candy that had come unexpectedly on sale; but it was attractive to look upon, and ornately packed in an elaborate box. When I again went to the Winter Palace and offered my little gift, it took dear old Baboushka completely by surprise—I still can see her, holding the box in outstretched hand, her big eyes open in wonder—as she said slowly, with her usual forthrightness, "But I am not accustomed to this." Recently, from a letter that has just come to me, written by her own hand in



Madame Catherine Breshkovsky

quaint English, I know that the American's poor package of Petrograd sweets made a deeper impression upon the old heroine's mind than the huzzas of many an audience.

MADAME BRESHKOVSKY is writing from Prague. She was one of the many Social Democrats, veterans of revolutionary Russia's long struggle for liberty, who were driven out by the Bolsheviks. I happened to be in Russia when the Provisional Government was overturned by the Bolsheviks, and I have many reasons, born of personal observation and experience, for not favoring the present régime in that unhappy country. Nevertheless, I have throughout these ensuing years held to the one impersonal symbol of the character of the Soviet rule: It drove Madame Breshkovsky out of Russia. Other offenses have been greater, but none more revealing of the true nature of Communism. If Soviet Russia has no place for this venerable high priestess of liberty, then it has no place for any other friend of true freedom. Often, as I have listened to parlor "pinks" extolling the Bolshevik régime, a voice within me has kept echoing, "But they cast out Madame Breshkovsky."

I TAKE the liberty of making a brief quotation from the recent letter of this eighty-three-year-old soldier of freedom. After alluding to the message published in The Outlook years ago, "the response to which made me very happy for the rest of my life," Madame Breshkovsky continues:

"I never doubted the brotherly lights that exists between the two great nations—your splendid United States of America, and our Russia all in the future.

"It is worth while to spend one's life in work and sufferings having in prospect the day when your people will be able to take an honorable place among those who were so happy to succeed before, and develop its capacity for the welfare of the humanity and general prosperity.

"As I worked till my seventies for the delivoretion of Russian people from the despotism of Czar's régime, I continue to fight against the tyranny of Communists; and to aid our young generations to encounter consciously the resurrection of our freedom. The lot of Russian refugees is a hard one. Great many were buried before grown up, and more are doomed to it. Europe is tired to give refuge and to sustain Russian students, and to give work to our workers.

"Nevertheless we believe the hour when all of us will return at home to do our best [for] the rehabilitation of moral and mental progress that were trampled by the enemies of all what is noble and can serve to the brotherhood of peoples. An immense work waits us, and I am sure that the terrible lesson given by the history [of the Soviets] will not fail to render all nations more cautious and less selfish in their mutual intercourses. The lessons must be learned by heart.

"To The Outlook I would ask you to transmit my profound thanks for the readiness of that honorable magazine to come at my aid in any case of my difficulties. . . ."

THIS rare old woman's work is not done. One of the few women of world-wide fame, she is still, though in exile and in poverty, doing two forms of significant humanitarian service. The first is her engrossing ministry to fellow exiles. But the second is her unfaltering

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testimony, to Russians and to all the world, and especially to America, that a new tyranny is no acceptable substitute for an old tyranny; and that the autocracy of Bolshevism may not be accepted in the stead of real constitutional liberty.

Madame Breshkovsky and her friend Kerensky are witnesses to a truth which America hardly understands; namely, that both Czarism and Sovietism are foes of real freedom. These two patriots represent the principle to which all believers in democracy should rally. They refuse to accept the discarded autocracy of the Czaristic régime; and they equally spurn the new autocracy which terms itself "the dictatorship of the proletariat." Theirs is the American platform of "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." They serve and suffer in behalf of a really free Russia, wherein all the people, of all classes, shall have a voice in the life of their nation. Catherine Breshkovsky is a burning, beckoning beacon of the true liberty which America has achieved, and for which she and her compatriots are now again exiles from home because of their faith in freedom.

Uncle Sam's "Fire Canoe"

By Tom White

SOMEWHERE below the bleak, gray horizon line a steamer pokes up a long, black smoke-finger. On the shore of the tiny inlet is gathered a knot of parka-clad figures whose round, swarthy faces, for the most part fringed with fur, indicate little or no emotion. Their bright, beady eyes, deep-set in narrow slits, are intent on the smoke cloud.

"Oomiak puk," passes from mouth to mouth in deep gutturals. There she is; the "fire canoe" is coming.

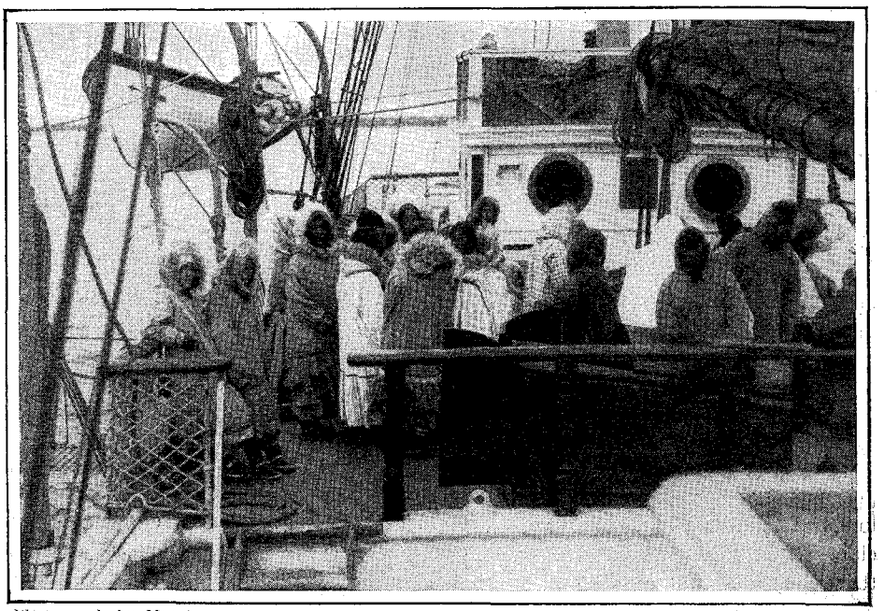
AWAY up on top of the world, where the waters of the cheerless Arctic show black between the endless ice floes, even the baby Eskimos know when the summer comes; and it isn't altogether because of the sun. It is the arrival of Uncle Sam's *oomiak puk*. But this year, for the first time, the "fire canoe" is not the stanch and venerable Coast Guard cutter Bear. When the Bear returned from the North last fall it was the end of her last voyage to the North. For she was fifty-two years old and the oldest Government vessel in active commission, with an enviable record in such varied capacities as policeman and court of justice, angel of mercy and rescuer of stranded explorers and castaway mariners.

Now the dim shape on the far horizon resolves itself into the capable modern lines of a newcomer—not the lofty masts, wide-flung yards, slim, rakish funnel, and snow-white hull so well known along the whole Alaskan coast.

To those of the Far North the simple ceremony of the Bear's arrival, repeated in scores of inlets and harbors, has stood for a number of things. Chief among these is the satisfaction of knowing that their Uncle Sam has not forgotten them, and that he is as anxious as ever to see that they are properly looked after, that they have the necessary sanitary inspection, that their school spellers and arithmetics are delivered, their "bad men" attended to, and a hundred and one other duties discharged. To those on the "outside" the arrival of the Bear marks the formal opening of navigation into the extreme northern seas and the release of fleets of vessels from West coast ports bound for the Arctic regions —fishermen, traders, miners, and others to whom fortune beckons with the sinuous, alluring fingers of the aurora borealis.

THE Bear's very first commission for the Navy was a daring one, and ably executed. The Bear was built in 1874 in Greenock, Scotland, designed for the sealing and whaling trade out of Dundee; but she was not to serve long under the British flag. In 1883 she was desperately needed by the United States Government to aid in the rescue of the ill-starred Greely Polar Expedition, being the only vessel then obtainable which was designed, constructed, and sheathed especially for work in the ice. She was therefore purchased from her British owners and went directly into full commission in the United States Navy. Under command of Captain W. S. Schley, later of Spanish-American War fame, the Bear was initiated into the hardships and perils of the Far North, and returned with the rescue of the pitiful remnants of the Greely party an accomplished fact. Having thus proved herself, she was transferred from the Navy Department to the Revenue Cutter Service, now known as the Coast Guard.

Since 1885 the Bear has been in continuous service on the West coast, in the Arctic Ocean, and in Alaskan waters. After making the passage from New York around the Horn to San Francisco in eighty-seven days, she busied herself during the winter of 1885 in the vicinity of San Francisco, rendering aid to vessels in distress. In April, 1886, she was ordered into the North to aid in the search for the bark Amethyst and her crew, last reported in the vicinity of the Seal Islands. Ever since, until this year, with the coming of the spring she has cast off, come about, and headed down the Oakland estuary into San Francisco



Photograph by Martin

Natives of Wainwright, Alaska, on the after deck of the Bear

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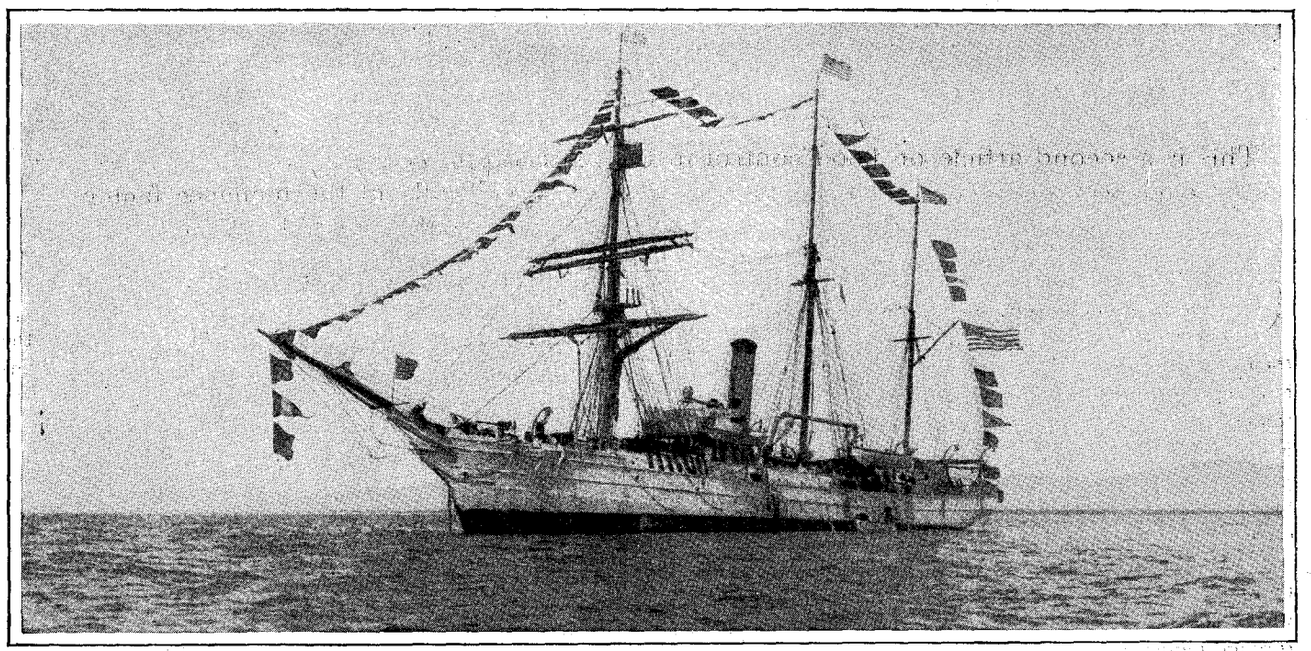

Photograph by Martin

United States cutter Bear dressed for a ceremonial occasion

Bay and out through the Golden Gate. Then she would swing into the North, and the long season's trek was begun.

The men on the Bear are true sailors; for she still moves under sail when the wind is favorable. They know how to man sheets and tacks, buntlines and clewlines. On all but this vessel, in the Government service real sailoring is a lost art.

In the transportation of teachers, missionaries, representatives of various Government departments and agencies, Eskimos, reindeer—yes, even reindeer!—together with mail and stores for carrying comfort and civilizing influence to the dwellers, both white and native, of the remote northern territories, the Bear has been instrumental in bringing light to a dark land, and law and order into the far-away places where before every man was his own lawmaker or lawbreaker.

The official records of the Bear include many other letters of appreciation from steamship companies, mission societies, and individuals, for assistance rendered in saving life and property, bringing food and shelter to the natives in remote regions where food was not obtainable, and affording comfort for those in need.

The Bear has not only relieved distressed American whaling and trading vessels but has done much toward putting down lawlessness among unscrupulous traders in our own territory and along the Siberian coast. Ever vigilant and aggressive, she has proved her mettle again and again in the matter of protecting the seal fisheries of the Pribilof Islands against illegal sealers' periodical raids. Not only is a high order of bravery required in dealing with these desperate characters, but infinite patience is necessary in order to surprise them at their work.

One of the most daring rescues ever attempted—and accomplished—in the grim wastes of the Northland was connected with the Bear when three of her officers—Lieutenants Jarvis and Bertholf and Surgeon Call—saved the lives of the crews of eight whalers marooned in the ice near Point Barrow, far up under the Arctic Circle.

Early in November, 1897, the Chamber of Commerce and citizens of San Francisco brought to the attention of the President the fact that 265 men aboard these whalers were in grave danger of starvation. The danger was so imminent and the necessity for relief was so urgent that the President ordered an expedition fitted out. Little hope was held out by those experienced in work in the Arctic regions that anything could be accomplished by an expedition in the winter season; but, under the President's orders, the cutter Bear was prepared for the undertaking, although she had but just returned from a six months' cruise in Arctic waters. Manned by a volunteer crew of officers and men, she sailed from Seattle on November 27, three weeks from the date of her arrival from the North. Ten months later she returned, having fully accomplished all the purposes of the expedition—all without loss or accident of any kind. But behind these few words is hidden a remarkable story of endurance, bravery, and perseverance.

By the time the Bear had set out for the North, of course, the ice had long since closed in on the Arctic Ocean, and the sturdy little vessel was unable to work up even as far as the mouth of the Yukon. So she was obliged to land her three officers with a small quantity of supplies at an Indian village near Cape Vancouver, Nelson Island, and then to hurry away to keep from being crushed to pieces by the ice. From their landing-point these officers traveled by dog and reindeer sled for fifteen hundred miles, over snow-covered mountains, down the frozen Yukon River to the coast, along the shore of the frozen ocean, across more mountains, over blizzard-swept arms of the sea, all the while driving a herd of four hundred reindeer, which they used for food and with which they kept alive the destitute whalers after they arrived at Point Barrow and until the Bear reached there the following summer. The rescue party, with their precious food "on the hoof," started in December and finished in April, covering twelve hundred miles of this awful journey at the rate of ten miles a day. The mate of one of the imprisoned ships said afterward that when their rescuers hove in sight the starved men were eating their boots. "But the walrus-hide thongs didn't make such awful bad grub."

Since the time she was first sent North, it is estimated that the Bear has traveled close to a million miles in the carrying out of her humanitarian work. No matter how arduous the duty assigned her, nor how seemingly hopeless it might have appeared at the outset, the Bear has never failed in any mission. What a splendid tribute to her commanders, her crews—yes, and her builders, too! She has well earned her retirement and the respect of the country which she has represented so faithfully in a distant domain.

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Taming the Mississippi

By JOHN R. FREEMAN, C.E.

This is a second article on flood control in the Mississippi Valley by one of the foremost American engineers. In this article he treats specifically of the menaces facing those who attempt to make the levees disaster-proof.—THE EDITORS.

COMPLETING the levees does not finish the job of safeguarding the farmers. There is far more in these Mississippi problems than the building of levees to the full height and thickness prescribed by the Mississippi River Commission. Such levees, projecting three feet above the highest flood, may be breached over night from either one of several causes:

1. By "sand-boil" enlargement, caused by water percolating beneath the levee with increased rapidity as the flood rises, through hidden porous strata of sand or gravel left by an ancient river channel across which the levee has to be built.

2. By an unexpected sudden caving in of the fore-shore, where a chance deflection of current caused, perhaps, by a water-logged tree, or by a deep collection of snags, or perhaps by one of those mysterious eddies, whirlpools, or "boils" that result from the contact and momentum of opposing currents. This caving often begins without warning, sometimes in seemingly sheltered covers or along back channels, by undercutting near the bottom, followed by a toppling over or slumping near the top, section after section, each five or ten feet thick, rapidly eating its way back towards the levee.

3. By rapidly increasing percolation through the levee itself under the flood-head. This is found at many localities where levees have been constructed of porous material (perhaps the best available), or constructed without sufficient tamping, or solidification by time. After a few days of flood-height, the percolating water softens the in-shore slope of the levee, while myriads of little streams trickle down its surface and threaten its immediate collapse.

4. The dangerous burrowing of the crawfish beneath the levee has to be reckoned with.

The writer saw frightful examples of all of these causes of failure in the course of an inspection tour along many miles of representative levees while the flood of 1922 was near its full height, and so much emphasis has recently been put upon the immediate completion of levees to their full height, as if it were the sole and sufficient means of salvation, that it is well to emphasize some of these dangers that will remain after the levees are completed.

(*a*) At Stanton Plantation, on the west shore, eight miles below New Orleans. No one expected danger in this locality, sheltered behind a promontory and by a dense grove of trees along the fore-shore, until a little girl, looking from a second-story window in her home back of the levee, saw a large tree slump out of sight, and then another; whereupon the alarm was spread. The deep river current apparently had taken a new freaky turn toward the shore and undercut the bottom of the slope, so that the bank above was gradually sloughing off in slices, five or ten feet in thickness, and threatening the destruction of the levee, although this was abundantly high. Men and teams were hurriedly brought to the danger-point and started at building a second line of defense in form of a new loop of levee, perhaps a thousand feet long, and a few hundred feet back of the original line.

(*b*) At the Weecama Crevasse, upstream from Ferriday, about twelve miles up from Natchez on the opposite side, the writer inspected a crevasse in full flow, more than one-fourth mile in width of breach, with the back country four to six feet under water as far as the eye could see in every direction. A few natives and their live stock were still huddled at the end of the levee, which was plenty high above flood-level.

The story told by several was that the break came unexpectedly in the night, probably from percolation through porous strata beneath the levee. Some said a woman had noted a big "sand-boil" just prior to the general wide-spreading crevasse. This location also was on an old abandoned channel sheltered from the direct impact of the main river current.

(*c*) Near Tunica, below Memphis, Mr. W. H. Dabney, the experienced levee engineer who led the successful fight against the breach of the levee by caving banks, told a thrilling story, pointing out on the ground how they combated the unexpected attack of the river at the "Devil's Hole," located on a back channel shielded from the main current by dense groves of willows, but where a new inflow from up-stream started an eddy that undercut the bank. An alarm was spread, plantation bells were rung, laborers were hurried in from ten miles around, who filled the grain sacks with sand, tied them to ropes forming so-called "snakes" which they rolled over the top of the caving banks while building a deflecting pier to ward off the current.

(*d*) At Poydras Crevasse, about ten miles below New Orleans, the breach grew to nearly half a mile in width. The levees here were abundantly high, and nothing was apparent in the location to suggest special danger. Nevertheless, undercutting and sloughing banks made a breach which widened rapidly and soon discharged a flow larger than that of the St. Lawrence River, which lessened the flood-height at New Orleans by about two feet.

(*e*) Near Milliken's Bend, and elsewhere, the writer inspected danger spots where percolation through levees that presumably had been constructed from pervious or poorly packed material had so softened the in-shore slopes that they were almost alive with trickling streams. These slopes had been covered with a loose mat of freshly cut brushwood to prevent gullying, with sand-bags on top of much of the brushwood. Also along this reach many threatening sand-boils were seen which had been successfully "hooped" by sand-bag cofferdams, whereby the head causing the flow through them was lessened and the impending crevasse prevented.

The above instances have been cited to prove that *compliance with the present loud call for extending levees everywhere to the full height and thickness of the Mississippi River Commission specifications will not remove all danger of a sudden break at the height of a flood as great as that of 1913, 1922, or 1927.*

Had the Tunica Crevasse, far back from the main river, not been stopped by prompt and mighty effort, the vast Yazoo Valley would have been flooded in 1922.

Peculiar to Itself

THE Mississippi presents problems on a scale found nowhere else in the world, unless it be along the Hwangho in China, or on some of the great rivers of India. Experience gained in flood protection works along the great rivers of Europe is applicable only in small degree to conditions found along the

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Mississippi. These European rivers present far smaller volumes of flood-flow, far smaller flood-heights, and their beds are mostly through relatively narrow valleys, over beds composed of glacial drift, which is far less subject to erosion than the deep, soft, alluvial deposits through which the Mississippi and its main tributaries wind their devious, uncertain way.

The sediments of the European rivers comprise coarse gravels and sand-grains of far greater size than the almost impalpable mass of which the Mississippi River sediment is mostly composed. Therefore, while much can be learned from the successes and failures of European practice, and from the laws of sedimentation, transportation, and scour developed in European laboratories, much original scientific investigation must be carried on here to reasonably cover these different American conditions.

The Mississippi, for the lower 500 miles of its course, flows through a broad delta more than 100 miles wide at Greenville and over 40 miles wide at Vicksburg, over sedimentary deposits of depths largely unknown. Probably there is nowhere less than 200 feet of soft silt, mud, or clay beneath the channel bed, with here and there irregular deposits of gravel. Conditions of transportation and deposit of silt, sand, and gravel in any one particular locality has varied in the course of many thousands of years while the river has shifted its channel back and forth across the delta. In general, the sand grains in the bed of the river below Cairo are seldom so large as the one-hundredth part of an inch in diameter. More often they are only one one-thousandth of an inch, and are interspersed with a variable amount of colloidal matter of still finer grain which, to some extent, binds the whole mass together so as to resist erosion. Gravels, mostly of small sizes, have been rolled in, along beds of tributaries chiefly at flood time, and sorted out by the current from caving banks, so that they form a small but extremely important percentage of the whole mass; because it is these gravels, along with the coarser sand-grains that, rolling along in the course of ages, have become concentrated and gathered together so as to form the bars at the cross-overs between the bends, which gravel-bars resist deep-cutting by the flood currents, and form submerged, slowly shifting dams between the deep pools in the river bends. The strange fact is well proved that one of the first acts of a Mississippi flood is to gather up or roll along the scattered pebbles from the pools by the quickened flood velocity and drop them on the cross-over bars, where in flood time the velocity of water is less because of their greater width at the flood level, thereby increasing the height of the flood by a foot or more. The height of surface corresponding to a stated flow in cubic feet per second is higher after a flood than before. Subsequently the gravel on the crest of the bar is slowly moved down-river into the next pool, and the bars very slowly travel downstream.

The soil physics of the river-bed, and its constitution, are yet largely unknown, but *these unknown factors may hold the key to possibilities of most profound changes in future methods of controlling the shape and course of the main river channel.* This subject of the sediments, their physics, geologic or physiographic origin, their cementation, erosion, and behavior against currents of various velocities, alone might keep a large hydraulic laboratory and its attendant field party busy for five or ten years, and finally produce results of incalculable value. This study of sediments should apply also to the lower reaches of the great tributaries, the Missouri, Arkansas, St. Francis, the Yazoo, the Tensas, the White, the Black, and the Red River, and to the Atchafalaya.

A Far Greater Ancient River

For hundreds of miles along the upper reaches of the Mississippi above St. Louis, the high bluffs on both sides of the river, varying from two miles to five miles apart, give evidence of an ancient river in pre-glacial times that was far more magnificent in width, depth, and volume, than the present river; which as it shrunk in volume during the disappearance of the northern continental ice cap, and subsequent to the diversion to the eastward of the waters that now form the St. Lawrence, refilled its ancient bed with sediments to the depth of about 200 feet and shrunk in width so as to occupy only a fraction of its ancient channel. Perhaps the gravels which are now found in caving banks and in cross-over bars were transported to their present locality, in part, by the more powerful current of this ancient river. Study of the origin of the particles that form these gravel bars by competent geologists would be of much interest, and might be one of the many aids in establishing better future methods of regulation.

At Keokuk, Iowa, fortunately for power development, ancient glaciers from the northwest pushed the location of the modern river to the eastward, over ledges at a higher level which in due course produced the present rapids and provided the excellent foundation for lock and power development; but for all of the remaining distance downstream to the Gulf of Mexico, so far as known, there lies beneath the river-bed 200 feet or more in depth of sediment, mostly fine and soft, interspersed here and there with lenses of gravel, except for a space near Commerce, Missouri.

The main river and its lower tributaries all flow mainly over unstable material, and have meandered through countless ages back and forth across the delta, leaving old bayous and old concentrations of sand and gravel into pervious beds, so that foundations for levees vary greatly in stability and imperviousness. Nevertheless *it is on these uncertain foundations that levees must be built,* and in many places they must of necessity be built out of material that the engineer would reject as unsuitable for an earth dam. Thought is thus forced to the possibility (probably beyond reach but nevertheless worthy of consideration) of *training the river to dig itself deeper* into its soft, deep bed, so that future flood-levels would come below the level of the broad bottom-lands, over which the floods do their damage.

The Mississippi is the crookedest great river in the world. It travels 868 miles from St. Louis to Natchez in covering a distance of 515 miles in a straight line. In many reaches of a hundred miles the length could be cut nearly in half. The lessened friction on a straight course would save nearly half of the actual drop of 379 feet between St. Louis and New Orleans. *If one could straighten the river and hold it to a straight course,* over only portions of its length, it is thus plain there would be plenty of vertical space available within which to lower both the river-bed and its flood-plain safely below the adjacent bottom-land, all the way from Vicksburg to Keokuk.

On the other hand, all engineers experienced in river control have been taught to fear a cut-off across a river bend or "ox-bow" as second in danger only to a great flood crevasse, because of the under-cutting and caving at river bends which follows and may extend twenty miles more up the river by reason of the quickened current.

In a state of nature erosion is continually going on near the foot of the steep slope at the concave shore of each great river bend. The loop thus tends to become longer, and as length increases the resistance to flow increases, and finally natural forces attempt to shorten the distance by a short-cut across the narrowing neck of land left between one

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loop and the next down-stream in time of flood.

It has long been the settled policy of the engineers-in-charge to prevent these cut-offs and to hold the river always to its present curved channel, by building protective coverings of willow mattresses over the places where erosion is most active. The swift current, the great depth, the steepness of the submerged bank all make this a highly difficult and expensive operation, but one in which great technical skill has been developed. The weaving of a durable mattress is not only slow and costly but requires such quantities of willow trees that the supply becomes exhausted if more than a limited length is built in one year.

We have not space here to explain the foundations for a belief that by long-continued, patient investigation in field and laboratory, methods could be devised within reasonable limits of cost, by which after a time the river could be straightened and subsequently held to a straightened course, this under-cutting and caving of banks prevented, *and the flood-plain lowered so that future floods would hold no terrors* for the farmers who have been enticed to settle down on these ten million acres by the fertility of the land and the supposed safety of the levees.

The Function of the Hydraulic Laboratory

EUROPEAN river and harbor engineers now are taking many of their problems of river and harbor improvement into the laboratory and being guided by experiments on small-scale models under mathematical theory pointed out by Sir Isaac Newton, but only developed and applied extensively during the past twenty or forty years.

Our American problems are largely different, but even those of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers can be studied in the laboratory with great advantage.

Some of our American engineers who have scoffed at using this method with such a giant river apparently fail to grasp that the fundamental idea is not to make a little-scale model of the river in a long box and watch it perform while prodded or tickled in spots until perhaps one of the later stages of the proceedings. The idea is to take separate elements or factors of the great problem each by itself into the laboratory, discover the laws of sedimentation, of scour, of producing vortex motion by opposing currents, and thereby doubling the scouring velocity, etc. The writer believes that such a laboratory *in competent hands* could save the people of the United States more than a million dollars per year.

Levee Heights and the Rising or Falling River-Bed

THE recent increase in flood-heights does not prove that the river-bed is rising, as was predicted by opponents of the levee plan. The best data available from soundings shows no important change in elevation of the river-bed.

The Commission's profile for levee height has wisely been an increasing one, in the interests of economy. Obviously confining the flood to a width of about one mile of main channel instead of permitting it to spread out over the old flood-plain of the bottom-land, ten to fifty miles or more in width, must gradually increase the flood-height, except as the concentration may scour the channel to greater depths. Obviously the recent flood would have risen to greater heights except for release of large volumes through the broken levees.

We have as yet insufficient scientific data upon the increasing amount of scouring and deepening of the river-bed which goes on until the height of the flood is reached and the amount of refill that occurs as the flood goes down. The excuse given for this non-investigation is that the engineers are terribly busy in time of flood protecting the levees. The gravel-bars at the contra-flexures between the bends control the permanent height. The writer is inclined to agree with the views so strongly expressed by Captain Eads and which led to his retirement from the Mississippi River Commission, that one large part of the Mississippi problem is to determine the means by which the river can be made to cut its channel deeper through the gravel-bars at "cross-overs," and that a concentration and quickening of the current over the bars, to be obtained by contracting the width and by dredging, may prove a valuable aid, and dissipate much of the gravel composing these bars within the deeper water of the pools between the bars.

One of the greatest factors in deepening the channel over the bars would be the stopping the feeding-in of the fresh supplies of gravel that come from the caving banks—probably the finer-grained material is largely carried onward to the sea, while the gravel and coarser sands are in part carried along near the bottom until they join other deposits of like nature at the cross-over bar.

It is not generally known that for perhaps ninety-five per cent of its course the Mississippi is deep enough to take large ocean steamers up to St. Louis, and that the obstacles to navigation and to flow are largely on the narrow cross-over bars, five, ten, or twenty miles apart, with deep pools between.

The average depth from Natchez to St. Louis has been said to be over thirty feet, while the natural depth over the bars at low water is only five or six feet save where channels nine feet deep are cut through by the Government dredges.

Questions of Policy

IT is true that the present wide-spread destruction and suffering is the result largely of planters having been induced by prospective valuable crops from the rich and wonderfully fertile soil to purchase, clear off thickets of trees and canebrake, and cultivate lands in the river bottom which, until relatively a few years ago, were submerged in every great flood and correspondingly cheap.

Until within a few years past these lands were farmed in the full expectation of occasional flooding, while precautions were taken for the retreat of families and domestic animals to the higher ground during the flood season. It would be of interest to trace the development of the present idea that all of these vast areas should look so largely to the Federal Treasury for their safety; particularly since these bottom-lands are understood to have been ceded by the Federal Government to the several States in consideration of the State (or its legal subdivision) undertaking to bear the cost of reclaiming them. There have been great speculations and appreciations in value of land, increases from less than five dollars per acre to as much as fifty dollars per acre having followed the near-completion of the levee system, the cost of which has been in part assessed back on the lands, but not wholly so. The early levees were built solely at the expense of the planters; later levee districts were formed under authority of the States, with power to assess lands benefited, and later the Federal Government was called in, apparently on the theory that building levees would be an aid to navigation. The present Federal aid to reclamation of flooded land became established as a settled policy of the Government only eleven years ago. The Mississippi River Commission was not organized until 1879, and first of all, surveys had to be made of nearly 2,000 miles of river banks. Then followed many costly experiments on methods of channel control. There were long debates in Congress as to whether it was within Constitutional power of the Federal Government to assist in building levees. This was not settled until the Flood Control Act of 1916, which authorized the Commission to build levees upon the receipt of not less than one-third the

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cost involved from the levee districts concerned. It was not until the Act of 1923 that this authority was extended to the tributaries of the main stream which were affected by its flood-waters.

Also it would be interesting to trace the history of the change in interest of the Federal Government from control and improvement of the river for purposes of navigation, formerly its sole interest, to that of taking so costly a share in this vast project of safeguarding about 18,000,000 acres of farm lands; and to recent proposals that it expend vastly larger sums, chiefly for agricultural betterment, since the present interests of navigation within the river above Baton Rouge or New Orleans have so greatly declined that the total freight bill from Vicksburg and St. Louis would be an insignificant percentage of what the Federal Government expends per year along this section of the river in mattresses and levees.

Regardless of the causes by which this change has been brought about, it is now an assured fact that the problem of flood protection for the reclaimed farm lands along the Mississippi and its lower tributaries is now largely in the hands of the Federal Government. It has become the biggest and most costly reclamation project in the world.

Apparently no one has dared make a thorough estimate of total cost from start to finish, *or to undertake an intensive scientific study of the problems with a long view to the future,* or attempt to disentangle the proportion of costs strictly pertaining to navigation from those pertaining to reclaiming swamp lands and overflowed lands for agriculture.

Driftwood from the Deluge

Special Correspondence from New Orleans, by DIXON MERRITT

A FLAT-BOTTOMED boat with an out-board motor chugged into the sodden levee bank at Melville, just above the first big break in the Atchafalaya system. It was loaded with Negroes, picked up from hummocks and housetops out there in the level plantation lands which now, but for the tree tops, looked a yellow sea.

Among them was a girl, very small, very black, very tired. She was six by her face, four by her figure. Her home had gone in the night. It was now noon of the second succeeding day. They told me that she had not eaten. A Coast Guard boat took her, with the others, across the Atchafalaya to the side then not flooded. With others who had come out of the flood by other flat-bottomed boats, she sat all that long afternoon on the boards of the station platform, waiting for a train.

ACROSS the current of the river, made perilously swift by the suction of the great crevasse, a skiff came, darting and dancing. Plying its oars was a lank Louisianian of the old French stock. He had in the bottom of the skiff a quantity of grocer's sundries. He said that they were given to him for the refugees by a merchant on the other side whose stock was doomed by the flood.

A giant Italian, swart and tall, keeper of a stand, came running up the levee. He shook his fist at the boatman and shouted, "You steala da stuff." The boatman called him the sort of liar that requires a string of adjectives, French and English. The Italian flashed a knife. The boatman's left fist lashed out, and the Italian was flat on the levee crown. Twice he staggered up, still clutching the knife, and twice more he went down before the lashing left. Constables led both men away, and the skiff rocked to a berth against a piece of piling.

The train backed in. The refugees climbed silently aboard, slowly, too tired to stampede.

I WENT by motor back to Baton Rouge, where flood headquarters were, and ate a leisurely dinner. Then I strolled up to the white refugee camp, in the old Army barracks where Zachary Taylor once was commandant.

An Acadian farmer, temporarily a herder in a live stock camp, was coming in to see about his wife and children. He had been wiped out by the flood. He wanted to talk; men in trouble do.

"I got good land in the Big Bend," he said. "It make me sorry to-day to see on these hills the little strawberry plants —so little, so weak, so not bear many berries. Mine—big—more look like Irish potato plants.

"But they—the water turns them yellow now. It come, that water, straight like a wall. It leap like a panther. I run, no wait to get my coat, one baby on this arm, one baby pull by this hand. My wife, too, and babies bigger—six we got. We run for the levee top. My horses, yes, they save—but that, my friend, because they follow me like dogs. I had them in the yard. They climb up on the levee, too, and then that water leap on all the rest.

"And all for why, my friend? For why they never stop to think that there's Almighty God in Heaven. He make these bayous, yes, these swamp what take the water away and soak it up when first my grandpère came. Bayous, they'll take the water away when my littlest baby's babies have their hair as white like sheep. There's God in Heaven what make this river. But them—they no know that. They shut off all the bayous, drain the swamps. And that's for why, my friend."

But, I thought, as I walked away toward the Negro camp, what does a "Cajun" know about engineering? (One is quickly Romanized in Rome.)

AT the Negro camp, a new consignment of refugees was coming in. The doctor was looking them over. As soon as they were fed, he would immunize them, though it was ten o'clock at night.

"Come on into the kitchen," said one of the assistant superintendents to me.

And the refugees filed in. Slowly, wearily, they passed men at the cooking vessels who filled their paper plates. One man, ladle in hand, stood by a big milk can. And there came to him that little girl, very black, and very tired, whose home by the sugar-cane fields had been overwhelmed by the flood at about this time two nights before. She held up her paper cup. She was not experienced in handling paper cups. She squeezed the top and nearly all the milk was spilled. Slowly she drained the few remaining drops. "There's more for you," said the assistant superintendent. And she waited without a word while a dozen others received their milk. Slowly she held up her cup and, when it was filled, drained it slowly, very slowly. She was very little—and very tired. She might have had a cookie back by the banks of the Atchafalaya if men's passions had not broken bounds.

And there are the figures in the picture: the Negroes, big and little; the American descendants of the original French settlers; about as many American descendants of original English settlers in other parts of the United States; the Acadians who are still in many respects a people apart; the merchants

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who serve all of these and make up the towns and cities.

THERE is one other figure—either the big, dominating figure or else not worth considering at all. He is the big planter. Throughout large areas of the overflowed country there are only the planters and the Negroes and, here and there, a merchant of sorts. Over other large areas there are only the French and Acadian and other small farmers; no big planters, few Negroes.

When the floods come they are all equal, all to be rescued, all to be cared for, all to be rehabilitated, all to be saved ultimately from the danger of recurring floods.

The figures that came into the picture on the crest of the recent flood are more numerous and even, if possible, more varied.

FIRST, there was the Secretary of Commerce, co-ordinating relief activities, thinking ahead toward rehabilitation, still further ahead to permanent flood prevention.

First, in another sense, there was the Red Cross, everywhere, doing something of everything.

There was the Mississippi River Commission, with scientific groups studying the discharge at various points, gathering data as to just what was happening, wedded to levees alone but willing, at last, to think of something else.

There were the State Boards of Engineers, doing much the same things, but more thoroughly convinced that new methods must be found.

There were the Boards of the numerous Levee Districts, topping levees, fighting heroically at desperately weak places, spending without stint the levee tax money taken from every acre of land, every mile of railroad, every dollar's worth of property, every hogshead of sugar, every barrel of rice, every sack of potatoes, even from every can of oysters.

There was the National Guard of the overflowed States—thousands of men patrolling levees, policing refugee camps, evacuating threatened areas, enforcing discipline and sanitation, guarding property.

There was the American Legion, lending a hand wherever possible.

There were committees of bankers' organizations, strengthening the hands of all the others.

There were local committees in all the communities, doing what could be done for their own people and for the refugees encamped upon them.

There was the United States Coast Guard, with cutters, with life-boats assembled from both oceans, the Gulf and the Lakes, under the command of engineer officers of the Army.

There was the United States Weather Bureau, measuring the flood, calculating its advance, sending out warnings in time, always hoping that they would be heeded.

There was the State Conservation Department, feeding birds and game animals, trying to prevent extermination of the deer and other wild things.

There were the State Health Departments and local societies of doctors, vaccinating, inoculating, analyzing, looking after sanitation, trying to hold at the minimum smallpox, typhoid, infantile paralysis.

There were the State Departments of Agriculture, the State Universities, agencies of the Federal Department of Agriculture, doing what could be done for live stock, looking ahead to a supply of seeds for replanting when the waters should subside.

There were the State Highway Departments, with all their equipment on levees or in the areas that must be evacuated.

There were the Army and Navy air services, searching the woods and the waters for maroons, observing the condition of the levees, flying low enough at times to read names on railroad stations, high enough at other times to see the full sweep of the waters, red, yellow, and black, from as many streams, creeping down, separate and side by side, to the Gulf.

There were business and industrial concerns, the telephone company, the oil companies, various others, putting all their facilities at the disposal of those men who acted as temporary dictators in the flooded States.

If the flood broke all records in volume of water and in duration, the rescue work broke all records, too, in amount of money spent, in almost perfect co-ordination of rescue work, in prompt and effective plans for rehabilitation.

AND all of this was done for the sake of the little Negro, black and tired; of the Acadian whose strawberry vines would have grown so big if only the water had not withered them; of the merchant ready to give his stock away when the water bore down; of—yes, of the big planter.

All of this and more must be done again and yet again—unless we are ready to take one or the other of two heroic courses.

We may abandon the overflow area of the Lower Mississippi Valley to its fate—which would not be an evil entirely unmixed with good.

We may make the Valley safe from floods—which would be a long and difficult and extremely expensive job.

One or the other of these things must be done by the Nation. The Valley cannot protect itself. The volume of water from half of the area of the Nation is too great. And the Nation cannot longer bear the disgrace of recurring conditions such as now exist in that Valley.

Before deciding which of the two things is to be done—or if a compromise between the two is possible—we ought to try to see just what that Valley is.

ONE thing we may be sure of. It has a soil more fertile than any other in the United States, probably more fertile than any other in the world. And this the Lower Valley owes to those same flood waters that sweep down upon it from the rest of the country. They have brought down, through centuries, and centuries of centuries, the cream of the soil of nearly half the territory which composes the United States. The fertility that is brought down now—except in cases of overflow—is washed out to the Gulf of Mexico, but that which was brought down long ago made the delta lands. That fact is to be thought of when we say that the Mississippi is not the Lower Valley's river. If it brings them, at times, desolation, it has brought them through the ages opulence—and arrogance—of soil.

They boast, those people of the Lower Valley, that they could produce enough to feed and clothe the entire population of the United States. And they do not exaggerate. All in cultivation and all cultivated properly, the land subject to overflow could do just that.

BUT it happens that the Nation is not, just now, in need of anything of that kind. Our surplus of foodstuffs and raw materials for fabrics has been our greatest embarrassment these latter years.

The agriculture of the Nation as a whole would be more prosperous if the overflow area of the Lower Mississippi Valley were taken completely out of production, abandoned to the flood, permitted to revert to swamp and forest. We might feel the shortage of sugar and rice—possibly. We would feel no shortage of the numerous other things that the Delta produces so abaundantly.

But, if we could reconcile ourselves to the heartlessness of such a proposal, it would not work. Excepting certain of the large planters who are there for money, the people who are in that area will stay there, floods or no floods.

I have seen, in my time, much devotion to home—foolish devotion, much of it. I, myself, have cherished a few old

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foundation stones of a pioneer's chimney. I have thought that mountaineers are devoted beyond the race of men to their homes, their cabins on the slopes, and their sparse acres in the coves. But never elsewhere have I seen manifested such love for home as radiated from the wrung hearts of the small farmers of Louisiana.

I have seen them, with their wives and children, sitting without shelter from sun and rain on a bit of levee. I have heard them refuse to go away in rescue boats, have seen them point out over the flood—

There—right there—you see?—is home.

And all that could be seen was a swirl of rushing yellow water.

They will stay there, those people—those hopeful people. They were saying, as the flood rushed over them, that if they could get back on their land in six weeks from the last of May, they could grow crops that would carry them through. And such is their soil that they can do it. In such a country, with its supreme glory of live oak trees, men cannot be blamed for loving their homes.

CAN we protect them from floods? Some day we shall be in sore need of that matchless food basket of theirs. Can we induce them to accept, as a part of the regular program, a certain measure of flood conditions—accept it and turn it to a blessing?

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Drama Inventories

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

IT took a long while to waken us to a consciousness of our drama past; for years we were willing to assume that we had one, and to allow the records to become so thickly covered with dust that they were almost hidden from us. There is no department of human activity where evidences of accomplishment are more quickly lost and confused than in the theater; papers have a way of crumbling, programs lose their crispness, actors (who, in their lifetime are weak on dates, especially as they pertain to their birth!) lose somewhat their identity. There is no one about whom we know so much and so little as Shakespeare. In a stretch of one hundred and fifty years, ways and methods may be as completely annihilated as was Pompeii. So there is nothing left for the student but to unearth the ground plan, fill in the details, and then soar high and view the panorama in its general flow of recreated life.

Such writing has its arduous aspects, for the spirit becomes weakened in proportion to the accumulation of the notes one has to make. As the French philosopher said: "If you are not careful you will find what you are looking for." The zest of the hunter is the great salvation of the research worker; he raises his structure, fact by fact, and then from the topmost tower he looks at his findings from the angle of his greatest interest.

The bare physical task of recording the eleven hundred pages of the first two volumes of Dr. Odell's "Annals of the New York Stage"[1] represents a brave adventure, since dates and names are not easy to file for ready reference, nor do they jump into proper sequence without discipline. We have had many surveys of the American theater, and in particular of the theater of New York, but never before have performances been so accurately noted, never before have the old papers from colonial days been so systematically perused for every shred of theatrical history, as in the case of this work, which when completed bids fair to number eight volumes. The ancient sage looking for an honest man was never more assiduous than has been Dr. Odell in tracing our drama beginnings from the days of Cortéz.

His temperamental approach is to be noted from the very first; he never wearies as he trudges the by-lanes of amusement endeavor, and he does not leave neglected the by-products of the theater, such as concerts, summer gardens, circuses, freaks, and dancing. The compact pages of these sumptuous books are shaped by a loving hand, which means that Dr. Odell, the investigator, has turned dry facts into graceful phrasings; has quoted so copiously from contemporaneous opinion, has concentrated upon an actor so much of the social flavor of the time, that the romance of the playhouse sounds uppermost in his record.

Futile it would be to attempt to appraise such a huge undertaking, to note in small space the multifarious veins of richness he has uncovered. Historical workers in American Revolutionary fields have now unearthed regimental buttons representing nearly every British and American contingent of soldiery; Professor Odell has similarly recorded, and excellently, the Continental and Red Coat actors, and should be content to let the matter rest where he leaves it. But such ardor as he displays is not easily appeased; he holds tenaciously to the different strands of his narrative; he apostrophizes his good fortune and utters threnodies over elusive evidences. If research work can preserve this enthusiasm the results are refreshing.

At the University of London there is a learned student who can hold hands across seas with the Professor from Columbia University. Dr. Allardyce Nicoll has just completed his third volume[2] which gives a sweeping, charted view of English drama from 1660 to 1800. Here is a logarithmic examination of the records, with handlists that remind one of railroad guides, starred and abbreviated and raised to the second power. One in the future will not be able to solve the problems of Restoration productions or of Eighteenth Century playwriting without a checking up of facts and editions and ways and means with the findings of Dr. Nicoll. He possesses that type of mind which might be called "artistically legal;" he piles up the evidence, he quotes the cases, he shows the profound traceries of precedence and innovation, and he designates with quick but ripe judgment. Such is his method for all of his books; the pattern for each is the same.

But he possesses Dr. Odell's unquenchable enthusiasm; he can soar above his accumulated notes and, like the aviator photographing from the heights, he can indicate succinctly the qualities of his period, its limitations, its changes toward modern conditions which typify the present theater. He confesses in his new book that the theater product is not brilliant, but such a research worker can not only draw sermons from stones but create a rock garden in bloom. There is no period so dull that an actor's life will not give it color; there is no play so dead that its production, according to the theater conven-

[1] Annals of the New York Stage. By George C. D. Odell. Two volumes issued: Vol. 1 [to 1798]; Vol. 2 [1798–1821]. Columbia University Press, New York. $8.75 each.

[2] A History of Late Eighteenth Century Drama: 1750 to 1800. By Allardyce Nicoll. University Press, Cambridge, England. 16s. net.

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ion of the day, will not make it interesting. But whereas in Dr. Odell, there are pring showers to allay the dryness of ome of the parched newspaper files, Dr. Nicoll is only hopeful in the desert of coming upon an oasis. And when he oars, as he does in his introductory hapter, and shows us the minarets and owers, when the light of his interpretaion shines upon particular excellences of the period, revealing to us Garrick, the Siddons, Sheridan, Colman, and others, he is thoroughly entertaining. But the dominant quality of Nicoll and Odell is accuracy; it places them upon the reference shelves.

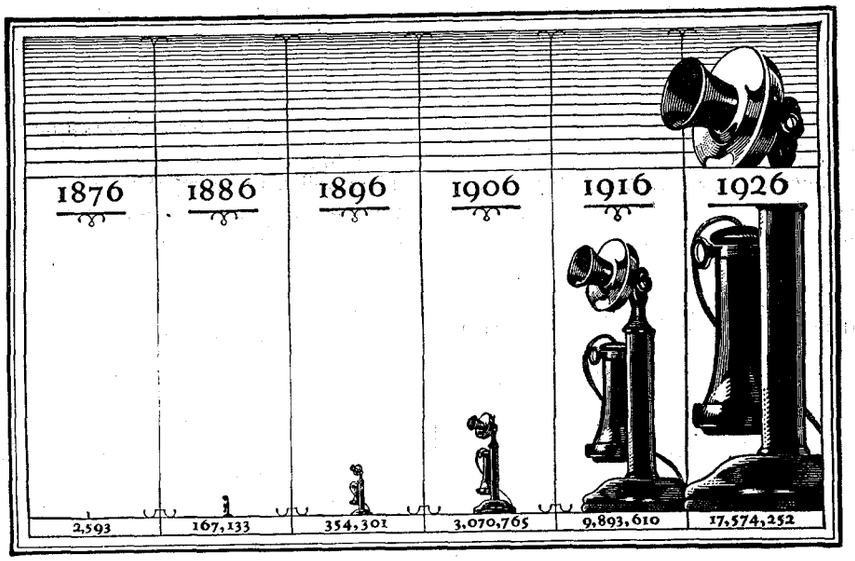
This is the age of summaries, weighted down with interrelated tendencies. I often wonder whether sometimes the drama student does not wish to escape the physical geography of his researches and get down to the pith of his subject. And if one looks for it, there is nowhere one can find more pith than in the theater: the life and letters of Garrick—even a human study of Garrick and his circle—which shows the theater vitally in touch with its time and dominated by Dr. Johnson: does not such a treatment leave an impression deeper than the Nicoll treatment? The unfortunate thing is that while we answer "Yes," the university demands warn us to take care or, in being human, we may miss our doctorate degree. In imitation, the small college, the high school, and the women's reading circle clamor: "Give us the bird's-eye view; soar as high as you wish but draw us a map. We have no time for fresh breezes; we must study between sunrise and sunset the drama of this period or of that, and on the morrow read a paper or pass an examination."

So the eminently serviceable book comes into being, like Dr. Dickinson's "An Outline of Contemporary Drama,"[3] a Baedeker of the modern movement in the theater, tracing the drama from Scribe to Pirandello, indicating how the drama has been freed from certain conventions and has come into its present renaissance. There is no attempt at interpretation, though Dr. Dickinson, well versed in the modern play, throws off crisp valuations after the manner of Dr. Nicoll. This book is a fully developed syllabus for the casual student; it is divided regionally for short tours in various departments of theater endeavor—naturalism, realism, the new romanticism and the more recent forms of expressionism being pigeon-holed and the dramatists assigned to their colors. This is a completely serviceable manual, done by a man who has a vision of the theater, but keeps it under cover while he draws a map of modern drama with only the capitals, the chief rivers, and the main thoroughfares indicated.

Facts, for which we seem to have a consuming passion, may take on a personal hue, for they have a way of clinging not alone to movements but to people as well. If the personality is one that is treasured, then these facts become almost fleshly; they are trinkets attached to the person, as important as his watch-chain or his seal-ring. I recall with pleasure the reading of Alexander Woollcott's "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play." It was written *con amore*, even as I would try to write "Mr. Lamb Goes to the Play." But there was no pretension to scholarship in Woollcott, no full examination of the evidence, no painstaking search among the files for Dickens the actor. His was such a book as a gentle reader of the novelist would seek to write. Now, from abroad, comes a record[4] far different yet very similar. It is a compact, thickly printed document, after an examination of the records, fol-

[3] An Outline of Contemporary Drama. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

[4] The Actor in Dickens. By J. B. Van Amerongen. D. Appleton & Co., New York, $2.50.



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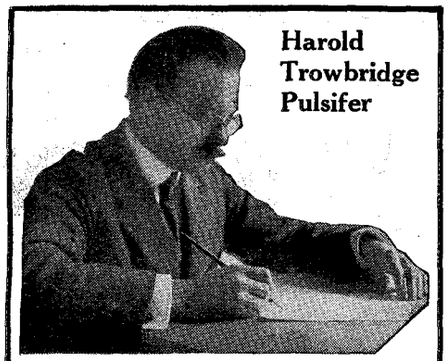

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

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The Savor of the Sea

The San Francisco "Journal" says: "This little story is one of remarkable beauty and strength."

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lowing every clue. We get Dickens reading "The Chimes" to Carlyle, we see Dickens press-agenting the actor Fechter, we are given the measurement of Charles Mathews's influence on Dickens, we have Dickens and his love for the theater inside and outside his novels. Not since J. W. T. Ley wrote his excellent volume "The Dickens Circle," have we had such a good time following one in worshipful examination of facts. Incidentally, we reach an excellent impression of the theater of Dickens's day. But why, oh, why such a guide without an Index!

We end on a very personal note, and so our review might be called "From Research to Barnum." Some literary adviser has thought well to revive the Great Fraud's own story of himself, the book issued so many times to be sold along with his circus, a frank, naïve record of why and how he put across his hokum, in the face of which he posed as a Public Benefactor. Werner's biography (which is being turned into a moving picture) gave readers a good time. It may be that the present volume[5] will be an anti-climax; but nonetheless it is an amazing bit of verbal cheek, a pæan of personal praise, a circus trick of patting one's self on the back. Even as Barnum, at his own circus, was his chief exhibit, so here in his story, he becomes his own magnificent hero. The reading of it (or rather rereading, for I have seen the various editions of the past) recalls the delicious letter written by Barnum to Matthew Arnold, when the latter was in this country. The Bridgeport Mayor, the King of Humbugs, the Exploiter of Jenny Lind, wrote to the Epitome of Culture, asking him to his home for the night of his lecture in that town (an invitation he accepted and noted in his Letters) wrote: "You and I, Mr. Arnold, ought to be acquainted. You are a celebrity; I am a notoriety!" Is not that remark enough to drive you to the further suggestion of vainglory which is to be found in this re-issue?

Thus our dramatic inventories continue from month to month, and there is still much to be done to uncover dramatic records. Which shows the extent in the past to which we have allowed them to lie fallow. To research workers on the heights, from their selected angle of treatment, we can say with truth, "Right you are if you think you are." But to-morrow another views the same field from another angle, and we can say with equal justice, "Right you are if you think you are." And then we turn to Lamb's essays on actors of his day—sketches that are lush, factless portraits that strike the heart and refresh the dead actor: vivid, unforgettable; and we say to Odell: "One such portrait of Hallam or of Cooke, Cooper, or Dunlap would be precious indeed." Yet we cannot but joy over his enthusiasm, his spirited chant: "I arise from facts like these!"

[5] The Autobiography of P. T. Barnum. Combined and condensed from the various editions published during his lifetime by Waldo R. Browne. The Viking Press, New York. $3.

Fiction

A HEART IN A HURRICANE. By Charles G. Shaw. Brentano's, New York. $2.

In Mr. Shaw's novel "A Heart in a Hurricane" one finds, except in the title, neither heart nor hurricane; not even as much as a wholesome breeze. The effort to register sophistication, snap, and smartness is incessant; but there is no bore quite as boresome as the sprightly variety, and the reader soon tires of pages of vivacious vacuity. Plenty of fizz, but no flavor.

LITTLE INJUN. By Lowell Otus Reese. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

They were rummy old boys, the gold miners of the early West, but they were always protectors of innocent maidens and dripping with sentiment about some darling child. We didn't mind their rumminess or pathos in Bret Harte's stories; we don't mind it here. And for rip-roaring humor they leave Bret Harte a mile behind. They are truly corking tales.

THE UNKNOWN PORT. By Christine W. Parmenter. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

A gentle and genteel tea-shop tale. We like the "Martha Jane," named after the New England Aunt Martha and her charming niece Jane. Of course there is a love story, and everything is delightful as well as quaint.

JEN CULLITON. By Nelia Gardner White. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Jen is a sturdy farmer woman who clings to hard work long after it is needless, and in the end it kills her. But she is big-hearted as well as big-fisted and in her family, church, and town does the right thing in the right way. A real character, rightly and finely portrayed is Jen, and it is a privilege to know her.

THE BREAKWATER. By W. A. Dyer. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. $2.

Two descriptions of coast guard work and of shipwrecks are capital and alone make the book worth while. The marriage of the brave coast guard to the somewhat eerie Dorothy is all but wrecked also; the breakwater of her deeper character barely saves her from the quicksands of passion.

DUTCH DAYS. By May Emery Hall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Two young people, Richard and Shirley, brother and sister, see Holland, and the story of their tour is made lively in narration and illustrated by many good pictures.

DRIFTWOOD SPARS. By Percival Christopher Wren. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

Like another recently republished early story by the author of "Beau Geste," this has a superabundance of realism as to cruelty, torture, and savagery in the East, and likewise it shows the early influence of Kipling. As in many other cases, it illustrates the unwisdom of following up a genuine success with inferior work written before literary maturity.

THE BIRD OF FIRE. By Maria Moravsky. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

Russia's Revolution as seen by the author is presented in fiction form in

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the adventures of a Russian prince who hates the tyranny and corruption of his class; by a spy (the prince's father) in German pay; by a young American woman doing relief work in Russia; and by others. The action is rapid and stirring.

THE ACE OF DANGER. By Augustus Muir. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

We notice that an *ad interim* American copyright has been taken out on this story. That means, we judge, that its English publisher has rightly guessed that Americans will want Mr. Muir's work. He has been a "best-seller" in Great Britain since "The Third Warning," his "modest shocker," as he called it, came out. "The Ace of Danger" starts with a jump and keeps on jumping and puzzling to the end. Thanks be, it is also well written.

THE INTERLOPER. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

One looks for crime and mystery in an Oppenheim tale, There is neither here. One guesses almost at once why the young Italian priest who is also an English Duke spends money lavishly to lead his English relatives into disgrace, bankruptcy, and despair. None of them injured his dead mother; but his father, her husband, the late Duke, did. Revenge! And revenge on the innocent! The story is neither plausible nor exciting.

KING OF MAPLEDALE: A LOYAL DOG. By Loyd Thompson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

The King of Mapledale was an Irish setter, long a favorite animal with hunters and a good friend of the family. Thanks to literary ownership, the collie has held the stage for an over-long period. This is not to say the collie is not a pleasant pup—he is—but the setter takes up less room and is more companionable in a quiet way. The King of Mapledale is a prize winner, and it is easy to see knew more than most of the boys in his neighborhood and had better manners than the men. It is something of a feat to write a novel around a dog. Dr. Thompson has succeeded.

THE LOST ADVENTURER. By Walter Gilkeyson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

There is the substance of a sound novel here and the character depiction goes in deep. But the construction is straggling and badly managed. Rann McCloud is "obstinately unmalleable;" it is impossible for him to compromise as to principle or honor; he is as tactless as a bull. His bride of Spanish race loves him passionately, but does not understand him. So, when she gets him to Spain (after paying the costs of the libel suits he gets into in a Pennsylvania city by bucking civic crookedness), inevitably their romance becomes tense and ends in tragedy. The time is that of the Spanish revolution of 1869 and Castelar appears as a character.

Biography

LIFE, CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE OF DESIDERIUS ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM. By John Joseph Mangan. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $10.

The work is an arrangement of translations of selections from the Erasmus correspondence (his own letters and letters to or concerning him) and (to a much smaller volume) from Erasmus's formal writings, with comment by the biograhper—connective, illustrative, and critical. The selections are judiciously made and the translations are exceedingly well done. Dr. Mangan's task, by the method chosen, was at once easy and difficult: easy, because Erasmus was one of the most voluminous and self-interested of letter-writers; difficult, because he was such an incorrigible petty liar, and so a very large proportion of his statements have to be examined in the light of this little peculiarity.

No doubt some will find the comment too voluminous; but this reviewer did not find it so. Erasmus was a large part of his time one of the most interesting men that ever lived. His character lends itself to much the same sort of curious study that the character of Jean Jacques invites; and the materials are not dissimilar. Dr. Mangan is an eminent physician, and his great service to Erasmian biography is by way of skillfully indicating the neuropathic basis of the many serious weaknesses of Erasmus's character.

Dr. Mangan has a bias which at first blush might seem to disqualify him for the rôle of biographer of Erasmus. He is an extremely pious son of the old Church; and at times you almost get the impression that his main object is to refute Erasmus's charges against the monastic orders, etc. But one may readily discount this bias; and, indeed, quite charming effects are produced by the clash between the author's piety and his keen appreciation of the Erasmian wit and malice. Altogether, a delightful and valuable study of a man who, despite innumerable weaknesses and vices of character, was one of the world's great benefactors.

MY THIRTY YEARS OF FRIENDSHIPS. By Salvatore Cortesi. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

Though citing the Papal decree naming St. Francis Xavier patron saint of newspaper men and avoiding reference to La Fontaine's studied opinion that *"tout faiseurs de journaux doit tribut au malin,"* Signor Cortesi is too old a journalist to shift his allegiance. "An international journalist," he writes, "relies on personal friendship and his capacity for inspiring confidence to keep abreast of events," and proceeds to illustrate with chapter and verse.

There is little of sentiment in these friendships. The men he meets, and their connections tried, he grapples them to himself with hoops of steel that he may glitter in the reflected glory or use them for a "scoop." Nothing matters save the "beat" for which he is working or—in the case of the death of Leo XIII—is planning ten years ahead.

It is no mean company to which we are introduced. Roosevelt, Taft, and J. P. Morgan for the United States; four Popes, cardinals, and monsignori in car-load lots; and a regular procession of Prime Ministers, State Secretaries, and Plenipotentiaries Extraordinary. After all of which we reach the back of the book, to which the artists have been banished—Adelaide Ristori, "perhaps the most wonderful exponent of Italian acting," Salvini, Bernhardt, d'Annunzio, Leoncavallo, and Puccini. With no high secrets to extract from these, the author drops his guard and mellows in their generous temperaments. A happy ending.

An Italian working for the Associated Press, Salvatore Cortesi writes for American consumption and deliberately points his tale—at times, perhaps, too sharply.

Science

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE. By Henshaw Ward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.50.

Another praiseworthy effort by Mr. Ward to explain certain complicated matters to John Doe. A low estimate of Doe's intelligence leads the author to couch his remarks in language easily to be grasped by a child of ten; but if the reader can swallow this he will learn much and be entertained in the learning.

Two superimposed universes are presented. That of Matter and of Life. In the first part we are apprised of many new facts pertaining to astronomy, geology, and that giddy jade the weather, finally taking a tour through the miniature marvels of a drop of water. Part Two gives us something more than a nodding acquaintance with the cells—of a tree, of our own bodies.

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Summer Tutorial School for Girls

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In historic Shenandoah Valley. Miss M. P. DUVAL, Principal

The best way to know it is to visit it.

BOY and GIRL CAMPERS

If you have a camp for boys or girls, you can reach a selected and interested audience by advertising in The Outlook, for it is read each week by parents who desire the best summer care for their children and who possess the means to send them to the best camps.

Write for information about the special rate for camp advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

120 East 16th Street

New York City

and those which go to shape our posterity. The third section deals in surmise as to the future of radio and science in general. This section, and the book, ends with a remarkably lucid exposition of the general theory of relativity.

A sound work full of information and served hot, *à la* kindergarten. Towards the end of the war the Allies dropped bundles of manufactured German paper currency upon the enemy's territory. It is claimed that this trick had a marked effect on the morale of the natives. Will some kind and enlightened gentleman finance a squadron of planes to scatter a few thousand copies of Mr. Ward's book over one or two of our States?

TO BEGIN WITH. By Raymond Pearl. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $1.50.

The author is the distinguished Director of the Institute for Biological Research, Johns Hopkins University. Expanding, by request, a magazine article, he presents a course of reading for graduate students of biology (including public health, vital statistics, biometry, etc.) suitable as introduction, prophylaxis, and underpinning for their specialized work. Of four groups of books commended, two are suitable as a general foundation for the intellectual life and are of interest to every one, the other two furnish a broad basis of reading for students of pure biology and the sciences deriving from or closely allied to it. The value of the book—substantial if not extraordinary—is in the garnishment of whimsical comment and in the admirably terse and generally convincing reasons given for the selection in each case.

Politics

A HISTORY OF SOCIALIST THOUGHT. By Harry W. Laidler, Ph.D. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.50.

There is so much Socialist talk and so little Socialism that one wonders a bit at its survival as a topic. Dr. Laidler's book is really a cyclopædia of Socialism, and is so arranged. It is possible to find in its pages every shift in Socialist sentiment and the diverse doctrines that come under the generic term, expressed in the words of leaders and students. It reveals that while there are plenty of signposts there is yet no open road to Utopia.

Travel

TAWNY SPAIN. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

This is a pleasant, chatty little (very little) travel book about Spain, pleasantly, though by no means profusely, illustrated from etchings by Ada C. Williamson. At best the book is excellent journalese, and indeed it is a recast of a book by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor which appeared thirty years ago under the title "The Land of the Castanet," being a collection of magazine articles contributed to the "Cosmopolitan." Dip into Ford's "Gatherings from Spain" or Théophile Gautier's "Travels in Spain," and then taste "Tawny Spain;" the last will seem flat and unprofitable.

Sociology

THE SOUTH AFRICANS. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.50.

Mrs. Millin's book affords a welcome opportunity to revise an old *cliché* of criticism. It is not only as readable as a novel, it is as readable as *her* novels; it is interesting as fiction, her own fiction, and for the same reasons. The author of "God's Stepchildren" talks of little else throughout her book than the former glory and present plight of the Kaffir, the real South African, and she makes no attempt to speak with any less vibrant emotion and occasionally febrile sympathy. But she also sounds a warning to the white inhabitants. The Kaffirs have become a helot race. One white person out of every ten is a poor white, unemployed and unemployable, because the Kaffir has taken his place in all unskilled labor. In her forcible metaphors, the Kaffir is "a drug, a growing temptation, a Hyde to his Jekyll, the submerged monster in Mr. Wells's book, 'The Time Machine.'" Mrs. Millin has earned the right to be listened to with respect, and her book should have as wide reading here as it will probably attain unpopularity in her own country, where the National Party has gone in frankly for segregation.

Miscellaneous

WINDJAMMERS AND SHELLBACKS: Strange True Stories of the Sea. By E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $4.50.

Having seen that the American as well as the British public is greedy for adventures by sea, whether it be in the guise of fiction or of yarns half true, the writers and publishers have hastened to meet the demand. Mr. Keble Chatterton has a jaunty pen for the ways of whales and the romance of pirates and sea-rovers. He has served us up the ship in half a dozen volumes, and is still holding the deck with his trumpet in his hand, telling the world about windjammers, and their crusty inhabitants the shellbacks, with all his old vigor and insistence. As a bait he throws the reader: "It is my great pleasure in the present volume to hand on so many hitherto unpublished sea happenings that were written down by the persons themselves, either immediately after the events or whilst still their memory was intact." That gives one a hope—only to be dashed—to find a picture of our old friend the sea-serpent or, at any rate, his measurements duly sworn to before a notary on land—not a sea lawyer.

The special claim made for this book consists in yarns told by notable mariners to the author, right off the galley's grill, as it were, and before they had time to cool in print. Once in a while a moral or a generalization crops up, as when, having told of the unlucky Mattapoisett, he avers: "Thus it is that certain ships like some men appear destined to be unfortunate as the main characteristic in their lives. It would seem as if whilst still on the stocks, being built, some evil magnetism was introduced which should attract trouble to the ship as long as ever she remains afloat. . . . It is one of those things which remain incapable of scientific explanation: but the fact is none the less true." Lurid is the tale of a seaman aboard the Brewster, Captain J. A. Beebe, who alternately got fighting drunk, and after sobering up stole and tossed overboard whatever he could lay hands on. Then he took to cutting the rigging on the sly. Ocean trips by foolhardy men in cockleshells have their turn. These stories and the abundant illustrations help the reader to visualize the old life on the seven seas. A book to take along on a trip by water, without fear that it will so absorb one as to leave unheard the call to meals, that most touching of all sounds aboard ship.

Children's Books

GET 'EM MAYFIELD. By Harold M. Sherman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

A boy's story in which for once football is not the subject. Basket-ball takes its place, and the fast, clean sport as played by these high school boys makes an exciting theme.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN OAF. By Herb Roth. Text by Frank Sullivan. Macy-Masius, New York. $2.

Humorous, illustrated book for children, with pictures in two colors.

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By the Way

"Some folks," says Abe Martin, "would buy a dinosaur egg if th' payments wuz easy enough."

A little boy went to the railroad station to see his father off on a visit. Amid the usual farewells, kisses, and waving of handkerchiefs, the train pulled out, and the little boy gazed longingly after it until it disappeared in the distance. Shortly afterward a locomotive came in sight with a train of the same length as the one that had taken his father away, and as it entered the station, he clapped his hands excitedly, and shouted, "Mama! Mama! Here comes the train back again! Papa forgot something."

Newspaper "bulls," the first from a Seattle paper, the second from a Pennsylvania paper, and finally a headline from a San Antonio paper:

"Believed to have been worrying over his approaching trial on a liquor charge, John, sixty-year-old Issaquah tailor, shot and killed himself and then set fire to his home."

"Miss Helen, of Butler, sang two beautiful and appropriate selections, after which she was taken to the Parker cemetery for interment."

SLAIN OFFICER NERVOUS
AFTER TALK WITH BANDIT

From London "Opinion:"

Ruth—"Don't 'e let faythe see 'e kissin' me."

Reuben—"I bain't kissin' 'e."

Ruth—"Oh, well, I thought I'd tell 'e in case."

The American Manufacturers of Toilet Articles, in recent convention, decided to direct considerable of their 1927–28 advertising to men. The fact was brought out that men spend $60,000,000 each year for cosmetics—perfumes, toilet waters, cold creams, and talcums. A favorite talcum is one that imitates a coat of tan. A new perfume intended for men is reported to have a bouquet reminiscent of Scotch whisky.

From an exchange:

The man who has something to sell,
And goes and whispers it down a well,
Isn't half so likely to collar the dollars,
As he who climbs a tree and hollers.

A small boy was having his hair cut for the first time.

"How shall I cut it?" asked the barber.

"With a hole in the top like my daddy's, please," was the prompt reply.

A man in a great hurry rushed into a bank. Two receiving-tellers were busy at their respective windows. Two lines had formed in front of these windows. One line contained three women, the other eighteen men. The man in the hurry paused and surveyed both lines. He gave a full minute to his study of the problem and then joined the line of men.

From "Punch:"

Mistress (to departing maid who has asked for a reference): "Of course, Mary, I shall have to tell Mrs. Brown of your uncontrollable temper."

Mary: "Thank you very much, Mum. It'll p'raps make 'er mind 'er P's and Q's."

From the Washington "Star:"

"You were going forty miles an hour," said the policeman, reproachfully.

"I'm no deliberate lawbreaker," said Mr. Chuggins. "I'm ashamed of myself, but I'm kind o' proud of the old fliv."

The story is told of Sir James Barrie who, when visiting this country during the war, was guest at a dinner at which there was a dispute about some international character. Some attacked the man savagely, others insisted that he was a fine fellow in spite of his mistakes. During a lull in the argument, Barrie, who did not appear to have been listening, said quietly, without looking up from his plate: "He was an infernal scoundrel, but 'twas his only fault."

From "Everybody's Magazine:"

The supervisor of a Western railroad received the following note from one of his track foremen:

"I am sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike maul. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's?"

At the railroad station a nice old lady left the train and got into a cab. The cabman said, "Gimme your bag, lady; I'll put it on top o' the cab."

"No, indeed," answered the dear old lady, "that poor hoss has enough to pull. I'll jist hol' it on my lap."

From the "Christian Register:"

A reviewer says Roosevelt's humor was not typically American, if exaggeration is the American type of humor. It was not English, either, if understatement is the English type. It consisted largely in whimsically stating a thing so evidently true that it left the other fellow without a come-back. Chief Justice Taft recalled how Roosevelt invited Elihu Root to a White House luncheon. As Root began framing an excuse, the President agreeably said: "I understand you, Elihu; what you mean is that you will come if you have no subsequent engagement."

We learn from the Norway (Maine) "Advertiser" that Carl Brown Jr., captured a monster turtle, Saturday, at Buck's Dam, and hauled him to the village in a cart. The shell measured 14 x 18 inches and the critter weighed some forty pounds. No marks or initials gave evidence of former captures, except a small hole bored in the edge of the shell. Fred Cummings bought the ancient specimen, paying half a dollar C. O. D., and let him go Scott free.

From "Harper's:"

Janie was returned from the Home of the Feeble-Minded to the Orphans' Home, as the doctor's examination had proved her merely "subnormal." Said Mamie to Anna in a burst of confidence and gossip: "Janie was sent away to be an idiot, but she couldn't pass and had to come back."

Los Angeles newspapers cannot inquire very carefully into the nature of personal advertisements placed in the classified columns. The following appeared in the Los Angeles "Examiner:"

WANTED—A Romance. Meet me May 13, 8 P.M., Broadway High School, Glendale. Wear red carnation.

Five words of four letters each are needed to complete the following anagram. Answer next week.

A battered hulk she lies,
The plaything of the gale;
No friendly —— can guide her now,
The Captain's —— all fail.
Deserted by the fleeing ——
None but the faithful —— remain:
Alas! The —— will never see
This gallant ship again.

The answer to last week's anagram: "Teams," "mates," "steam," "meats," and "tames."

Safeguarding our Clients'

Principal

Assuring a dependable

Income

is paramount in

SMITH BONDS

REALIZING the investor of today requires a fair return from his securities this House endeavors to procure as high a rate of interest, on the bonds it offers, as monetary conditions and our long experience in the First Mortgage field recommends as justifiable.

SAFETY of principal, however, is never jeopardized for high interest rates, yet the income from Smith Bonds is always attractive.

Present Income Return 6½%

Denominations of $1,000, $500, $100. Maturing from 2 to 10 years.

Surrounded by the Safeguards that have created for

SMITH BONDS

A World-Wide Reputation for Safety

Booklet, describing our Bonds and their Safeguards, may be had on request for "6-30"

Our Mail Service Department

No matter where you may be you can avail yourself of the Mail Order Service of our Home Office in Washington, D. C. Your investments and inquiries will be given the same personal, efficient and courteous attention you would receive if you called at one of our offices.

The F. H. Smith Co.

Founded 1873

Smith Building, Washington, D. C.
285 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Continental & Commercial Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BOSTON ALBANY BUFFALO
MINNEAPOLIS ST. LOUIS

Kindly send Booklet and information regarding SMITH BONDS.

NAME ..... "6-30"

ADDRESS .....

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Real Estate, Hotels and Resorts, Tours and Travel, etc. — 60c. per line, single column

Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, Miscellaneous, etc. — 10c. per word, Box number 25c.

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Austria

COUNTESS MARTHA LAMBERG, Schloss Kaps, Kitzbühel, Austria, receives guests in old castle in the Tyrolese Mountains. Modern comfort. Particulars, 7,425, Outlook, or direct.

England

Florence Hotel

Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park W 2

Old Established High Class Family Hotel famed for comfort and excellent cuisine

Situated most beautiful part of Fashionable West End, almost facing Hyde Park. Few minutes all Theatres. Rooms with full board $3-$3.50 daily; $20-$22 weekly. Room with English Breakfast $2-$2.50 daily. No charge baths, boot cleaning, attendance.

Make early reservations direct or through Outlook Travel Bureau

Cables: Florenotel, London

Switzerland

Hotel Pension Nuss, Vevey, Switzerland. Ideal all-year home on Lake Geneva. Running water in all rooms, private baths, best cooking. Moderate terms. L. NUSS, Prop.

Colorado

PAINTED POST RANCH

In the Colorado Rockies

Set in scenic valley of the North Poudre River. Excellent fishing, hunting; horse of your own; pack trips to Estes Park; the best of food. Details, Outlook Travel Bureau or

L. W. Gleason, Lordsburg, New Mexico

Connecticut

OVERLOOK FARM Cannondale, Conn.

Fifty miles from N. Y. Superb view; artesian well, excellent food. Delightful rest place.

The Pasture, Columbia Lake, Columbia, Conn. Unique place for restful vacation. Boating, swimming, good food, pure water, no mosquitoes. References. EDITH SAWYER.

Maine

THE HOMESTEAD

Bailey Island, Maine

Twenty-fifth season, June 15 to Sept. 15. Large wooded estate on seacoast. Booklet.

OGUNQUIT, ME.

Seashore and country combined, not far from rocks and surf. Home cooking, fresh vegetables, cream, milk, and fresh eggs. Rates $22-$35. MRS. DANIEL W. PERKINS.

The Beeches, Paris Hill, Maine

Quiet summer home for delicate, nervous or tired persons needing rest. White Mountain view. Pine groves and gardens. Booklet.

MAINE Why not spend your vacation in the country on the open ocean? Rates $16, $18, $20. Louise Spilman. THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Me.

Massachusetts

CAMP MORSE *Berkshires* FOR ADULTS

On Goose Lake, Lee, Mass.

Cabins, good beds, home cooked food, boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, walks.

MAY MORSE, Camp Morse, Lee, Mass.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

The Leslie

A quiet, cozy little house by the sea. Opens June 25th. Private baths. Booklet. 23d season.

Dr. Reeves' Nervine A private licensed institution for the care and treatment of nervous and mild mental disorders, convalescents and elderly people; homelike atmosphere, personal care, auto drives, reasonable rates. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

Massachusetts

Mary Guerin Inn at quaint Martha's Vineyard, Mass. offers restful vacation. Excellent food. Details. MARY A. GUERIN, Prop.

New Hampshire

SHATTUCK INN Jaffrey, N. H.

At the foot of Monadnock Mountain. The best at moderate cost. 100 airy rooms, 50 with bath, 30 open fireplaces. Electric elevator, library. Saddle horses, mountain trails. Open all year. A resort. E. C. SHATTUCK.

BEMIS CAMPS

OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE

Near the White Mountains

The place you always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp-fire. Private cabins.

H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

WINNEPESAUKEE FARM AND ANNEX

Lakeport, New Hampshire

G. ELMER SANBORN, Proprietor

Electric lights, baths; boating, bathing. Golf at Country Club. Accommodates 60. Gentiles.

Lakeside House

LAKE SUNAPEE

Delightful location; excellent food; all sports. $30 week up. Booklet.

JOHN H. PRESCOTT, New London, N. H.

Maplewood Farm

Enjoy your vacation on farm near Lake Sunapee. Excellent table; home cooking. Week-end and auto parties accommodated. Write Mrs. Marie Barrett, New London, N. H.

New Jersey

WILD ROMANTIC PRIMITIVE

Gentleman's Country in the

Heart of Lake District

Come and Explore. Private.

Write for Brochure

TAMARACK ASS'N, Near ANDOVER, N. J.

The ENGLESIDE Beach Haven, N. J.

The Island Resort

The only resort on the Jersey coast that COMBINES perfect bathing, always good fishing, with a modern hotel and gives sure relief from Hay Fever beside. Booklet. Five tennis courts. Opens June 18th.

R. F. ENGLE, Mgr.

New York City

HOTEL BRISTOL

129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.

ROOMS WITH BATH
Single — $3--$4--$5
Double — $5--$6--$7

Evening Dinner and Sunday noon . $1.00
Luncheon . . .50

Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room

For comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home."

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City

Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.

SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

New York

HURRICANE LODGE and Cottages

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.

Comfortable, homelike. Altitude 1,800 feet. Extensive verandas overlooking Keene Valley. Trout fishing. Camping. Swimming pool. Golf links: mile course 9 well-kept greens. Tennis and croquet. Fresh vegetables. Fine dairy. Furnished cottages, all improvements. Separate suites and single rooms. Open from June 15 to Oct. 1. For further information address K. Delknap, Mgr., Hurricane Lodge, Hurricane, Essex Co., N.Y.

"The Mohawk"

AND COTTAGES

An Adirondack hotel offering modern accommodations for 125. Wide range of amusements — bathing, boating, dancing, all water and mountain sports, 2 tennis courts, orchestra, excellent table, best service, saddle horses. Running water in each room, many with private baths.

C. O. LONGSTAFF, Old Forge, N. Y.

"Roads End" On Lake Sacandaga

"Where the Trails Begin" Adirondacks

A camp for the lovers of the out-of-doors. Refined surroundings. Good table. Large living-hall. Cottages and tents for sleeping. Boats and canoes. Black bass fishing. Hikes into the woods. Nights around the campfire. Everything comfortable and homelike. CHAS. T. MEYER, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., N. Y.

Sunset Camp

In the Adirondacks

Cottages, tents, fine table. Fishing, boating, bathing, dancing, tennis, camp fires.

Write for booklet and references

E. J. BENNETT, Raquette Lake, N. Y.

Fenton House Adirondacks 18 Cottages

Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Accommodations for tourists. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

Keene Valley Inn and Cottages

KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.

Adirondack Mts. Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course two miles. Special rates for Sept. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

ADIRONDACKS, The CRATER CLUB, Essex-on-Lake-Champlain. Cottages with central club house where meals are served. References required. For circular or information address JOHN B. BURNHAM, 233 Broadway, New York City.

PINE-OZONE INN in the ADIRONDACKS Ideal summer resort with all home comforts. Cottages to rent. Special June rates. N. S. PINNEY, Prop., Jay, N. Y.

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. Superior accommodations; famous for good food. Write direct or Outlook's Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

Amidst Superb Mountains

ROXMOR INN SOUTHERN CATSKILLS

WOODLAND VALLEY PHOENICIA, N.Y.

Club atmosphere and attractions. Home table. Lower rates during June.

E. B. MILLER, Woodland, N. Y.

COTTAGES RESTRICTED

CROONING PINES Adult vacation camp; convenient, modern; good food; all amusements; desirable clientele. Rates $18 up. Write for booklet. E. J. LEE, Warrensburg, N. Y.

Rhode Island

THE CROWN, Block Island, R.I. Delightfully located hotel; all amusements; thoughtful cuisine. Ideal quiet vacation spot. Details, rates, address proprietors.

Vermont

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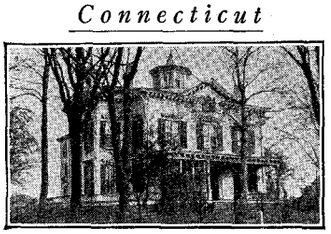
Real Estate

Connecticut



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COLLEGE graduate desires permanent position. Can operate any make automobile; *typewrite.* Experienced tutor. Reference. 7,843, Outlook.

COLLEGE student desires position as tutor or companion for boy spending summer in country or in travel. References. 7,871, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—Understands physical care. Highest references. New York suburbs. 7,863, Outlook.

NEW England woman, supervising housekeeper. Long experience. Disengaged after June 18. Reference from present position. 7,866, Outlook.

NORMAL graduate (gentleman) desires tutoring position in elementary subjects during July and August. 7,869, Outlook.

TUTOR-companion—College junior wishes summer position, Science, mathematics, *languages, tennis, swimming.* Experienced driver. Would travel. 7,860, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

YOUR tiny daughter needs country air and home care? Send her to me at Wyndhurst in healthy Chester Co., Pa. References exchanged. 7,864, Outlook.

SMALL number of selected boys, seven to nine years, can have individual care in Maine farm home for summer. They will be in a Christian family, in charge of man and wife who have had years of experience with boys. References exchanged. W. W. Mayo, Freeport, Me.

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The Outlook's readers are selected from an interesting, cultivated stratum of America's reading public.

The following paragraphs, copied from a subscriber's letter of appreciation, speak for themselves:

"You may be interested to know that my lovely home in Sienna, Italy, was the result of an Outlook advertisement. An American woman recommended it to appreciative guests, but when I wrote to her and asked what references she required, she said to be a subscriber to The Outlook was reference enough.

"I have spent part of three summers in a charming spot in Maine, also advertised in The Outlook, and when I offered the requested references I was told that no references were required from subscribers to The Outlook. You will see, therefore, what we Outlook subscribers think of each other and of the reliability of your advertisements."

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An Authoritative Criticism[1]

I JUST noticed in the May 18 number of The Outlook a statement regarding "Uncle Sam in Central America," in which this remark is made:

"The preceding administration had been headed by President Solorzano, who won elections supervised by the United States in 1925."

This statement is not true. Mr. H. W. Dodds, who was sent from the United States, did prepare an election law which was passed by the Nicaraguan Legislature. Later he went to Nicaragua, with two assistants, I believe, and supervised the registration of voters.

When it came to the election, he had expected to go. The State Department had wanted him to go. The President of Nicaragua, Bartolome Martinez, said, however, that for Mr. Dodds to come down there with a sufficient number of Americans to supervise the election would be too expensive for Nicaragua. The United States then offered to supervise the election without any expense to Nicaragua, but President Martinez still declined to have the supervisors come, on the ground that it would be contrary to the dignity and sovereignty of Nicaragua.

The fact seems to be that Martinez did not want the election supervised. Practically every American in Nicaragua, so far as they have talked to me about the matter, believed that those elections were carried by force and fraud. I have some very interesting details along this line. The State Department, however, decided not to interfere. These are the facts.

I dislike to see The Outlook make a mistake of so very great significance; because the fact that Chamorro (who had been the Conservative candidate) thought that he had been cheated out of the election, gave him his own justification for his revolution.

Still further it is stated in the article mentioned in The Outlook, in connection with Solorzano's resignation, "his authority would have passed—if the terms of the Constitution had been followed—to the Vice-President." The fact of the matter is that neither Solorzano nor Sacasa was in the country at the time, and under the terms of their Constitution the Assembly must elect a President under such conditions.

Again, it is stated in the article, "That led to Chamorro's retirement and the elevation of his *associate,* Diaz." May I ask in what sense Diaz was an associate of Chamorro? So far as my memory goes, while Diaz was a friend of Chamorro's, I did not know that there was any official or unofficial association between them before Diaz was elected. I should be very glad if that could be cleared up.

It has seemed to me from the beginning that the course of our State Department was not merely good policy for the country, but it was practically the one strictly legal policy that could be followed.

Still further it is stated in the article, "We should discharge our obligation to Nicaragua by giving her an assured control of her own affairs so long as international interests are not endangered. That will be the measure now, not only of our realization of our responsibilities, but also of our sense of their serious bearing on our relations with all South America."

Of course I realize that there has grown out of this difficulty a good deal of feeling on the part of South Americans. This is, I think, largely the result of a very active liberal propaganda and of a propaganda on the part of enemies of the United States, especially in Mexico.

It is well known that Mexico has been playing for some years against the United States, especially with the Central American countries. She has presented to some of them (those who would accept them) radio stations in order to facilitate more immediate and intimate relations. However, so far as the Nicaraguans themselves are concerned, we may well await the result of the next election and see what that shows.

Pardon me for sending this letter, but I felt that in one or two particulars, at any rate, you had fallen into error in your statements. J. W. JENKS.

New York City.

[1] See editorial comment.—The Editors.

Etiquette or Courtesy?

THE OUTLOOK of May 4 commented editorially on the presentation of the medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters to Edith Wynne Matthison "for diction on the stage" and for "the beauty of common speech, which is ready to respond to the efforts of every man and woman."

To me the editorial was interesting not only because its excellence was a fitting part of a notably fine Outlook number, but it brought vividly to my mind my father's deep appreciation of The Outlook and his championship of clean-cut diction and careful use of English words.

How often we children were made to pause in relating a story or incident to "say that distinctly" or to decide between the use of *can* and *may, need* and *want, hope* and *expect, lovely* and *beautiful, exquisite* and *elegant, etiquette* and *courtesy.*

This reminiscing finally brought me to some present day suggestions implied in that last-named pair of synonyms. In 1927 deportment, is etiquette or courtesy the vital objective? Are our young people more concerned with "a ticket or label of recognized convention" or with kindness of heart?

Most middle-aged people readily concede the fact that the young person of college age is to-day more genuinely concerned than ever before with the welfare of the world. He wants a fair show and a square deal for all—especially for the under-dog.

In things material, social, intellectual, spiritual, he is not so sure as was his father or mother, that he is right and his neighbor wrong. He is getting a world-mindedness. He is bigger and better than he or his parents realize.

In material things he is impatient of great financial success. He asks, "At whose expense?" In social life he is quick to detect snobbery. Man and woman mean more to him than gentleman and lady. For patriotism he is substituting a questioning of "My Country, right or wrong." In religion he is impatient of individual salvation. It is too smug.

So, on the defensive among their elders, what do our young men and women do? They substitute etiquette for courtesy!

At an Easter holiday house-party there were two college boys and two girls, two of them guests like myself. If one of us elders entered a room where these young people were, they immediately arose and found us chairs or remained standing until we left. If we dropped handkerchief or paper there was instant action to recover and restore it. When we left the room one of the boys bowed us out. If there were any "fetching and carrying" we elders were saved the trouble by our perfect mannered youngsters. *But*—

My hostess, an accomplished musician selected a Victrola record of one of the beautiful classics for Easter night. Whereupon the young son rushed in to protest with, "Mom, we can't stand that old fossil." He put on and played one of the jazziest of jazz records!

At the informal Sunday evening meal a point in the morning sermon of an internationally known preacher was commended by our host. His daughter's comment was, "That's old stuff that *nobody* believes any more."

It is not for a guest to censure the sons and daughters of her hosts for their discourteous attitude toward the deepest things in the lives of their parents, but cannot our dear and beloved young people exercise the same forbearance, the same bigness and fineness in their relations with their parents as they do with the (other) unfortunates of the world?

Is it too much to suggest that, as they rise in deference to our physical presence, they also show respect for our mental and spiritual personalities? Can they not bow us out of their mental fellowship instead of slamming the door? M. S.

Auburn, New York.

Nineteen Dimes

SOME times we have things just naturally happen which do much to keep our faith in human nature strong. I picked up The Outlook for April 6, 1927, and read the article, "A Nation's Hero in Need," to my high school of about a hundred boys and girls. I spoke to them a few minutes along general lines, mentioning Columbus's death in poverty and similar cases of want and suffering due to thoughtlessness on the part of humanity. I had completely forgotten the matter until I received this splendid reminder which I am sending to you.

A committee of three boys waited upon me and presented to me an envelope which contained nineteen dimes which they asked me to send to the John R. Kissinger Relief Fund. At first I was amused, but they were so in earnest about it that I could not laugh. They told me that those dimes represented ice-cream sodas and candy which nine of them had gone without. So I told them I would be very glad to send in their tribute.

F. J. KAYS, B. S. in S. S.,
Superintendent.

Milo Public Schools,
Milo, Iowa.

Maybe that Was the Union Limit

I HAVE been interested in your articles "Conversations with Workmen," but find, in your issue of May 4, rather an amusing statement. On page 23 I read: "Generally takes two men handle a 2 x 6 stick of lumber," referring to pieces 6 and 8 feet long. Standard lumber weights give a weight of 2,500 to 4,000 pounds per M. board feet, including from yellow pine to oak. Now, as a piece 2 x 6 x 8 feet long contains 8 board feet, the two men generally taken to handle one of these pieces, as stated in this article, would be lifting a weight of from twenty to thirty-two pounds, or from ten to sixteen pounds each, while the prodigious lift of Murtag'h of six pieces, would weigh from 120 to 192 pounds. F. W. WRIGHT.

Springfield, Missouri.

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By the Way

"WHAT is leisure, mamma?"

"It's the spare time a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work," answered the mother.

A letter comes in from a farmer in Hohokus, New Jersey, which says that he is the fellow that furnished the hams that made the ham-sandwiches which Charles Lindbergh ate on his way to Paris. The farmer says that his home has become a "shrine" and that people from far and wide are arriving in droves and whittling away his front fence and apple trees for souvenirs. He believes that his notoriety may bring him a lucrative motion-picture contract.

From the Chicago "News:"

During a match at St. Andrews, Scotland, a rustic was struck in the eye, accidentally, by a golf ball. Running up to his assailant, "This'll cost ye five pounds—five pounds!" he yelled.

"But I called out 'Fore' as loud as I could," explained the golfer.

"Did you, sir?" replied the troubled one, much appeased. "Well, I didna hear; I'll take four."

In 1914 there were 11,385,734 individual savings bank depositors. In 1926 the figure had grown to 46,752,240. In 1914 there was a total of $8,712,000,000 on deposit in savings banks. In 1926 there was $24,696,000,000. According to the National Bureau of Economic Research, the growth in "National income" has been from $33,000,000,000 in 1914 to a "current income" of $89,680,000,000 in 1926.

A traveler in China reports the following signboard written in pidgin English:

"Chang Cock-i, Lady's Tailor, Ladies Can Have Fits Here."

And another:

"Li Chuan, House Decorator and Furnisher, Maker of Antiquated Ornaments."

From "Success:"

"How old are you?" inquired the visitor of his host's little son.

"That is a difficult question," answered the young man, removing his spectacles and wiping them reflectively. "The latest personal survey available shows my psychological age to be 12, my moral age 4, my anatomical age 7, and my physiological age 6. I suppose, however, that you refer to my chronological age, which is 8. That is so old-fashioned that I seldom think of it any more."

Clarence Darrow, according to the "New Yorker," recently upbraided the newspaper men on their practice of invariably coloring their stories about him with references to his baggy apparel. "I'm tired of seeing you fellows get off smart remarks about my clothes," he told a group of them. "I probably get them from better tailors and pay more money for them than most men. The only difference is that most men insist on taking their clothes off when they go to bed."

Editorial in the Moreland (Kansas) "Monitor:"

"I have been criticised quite a little by some of the town 'smart Alecks' for using poor grammar. Now I have three good reasons for this. In the first place, I don't know any better. Second, half of you wouldn't understand it if I did use it. Third, if I did speak and write correctly, I might be managing some big New York paper at a large salary and you farmers would lose the best editor in Graham County."

In reply to the appeal from a director of the White Star Line for more boat names ending in "ic," to carry on the line so famously begun by the Olympic, Majestic, Adriatic, etc., Luccio writes in the Manchester "Guardian:"

I think that few would care to sail
  On board the barque Dyspeptic,
Though there's something rather fit and hale
  About the Antiseptic;
But many a sport of the frugal sort
Would book by the Economic,
And of honest mirth there should be no dearth
  Aboard the good ship Comic.

The millionaire would pay his fare
  For a passage *per* Aurific,
And the bishop's scope would be met, I hope,
  By a berth on the Beatific;
The countryman would feel at home
  On board the bold Bucolic,
And the chorus girl could cross the foam
  In fine style on the Frolic.

Geologists would much enjoy
  A jaunt on the Jurassic,
And the doctors one might well decoy
  With the Clinic or Boracic;
All politicians outward bound
  Would sail by the Polemic,
And the professional folk be found
  Aboard the Academic.

The chemist's tip would be, Wait for the ship
  That bears the name Synthetic;
The maid of to-day would sail away
  On the Lipstic(k) or Cosmetic;
S.S. Hydraulic drys might find
  Sufficiently symbolic,
While the wets, of course, would remain behind
  And wait for the Alcoholic.

A returned tourist relating his experiences: "Well, I like Paris and Rome, but the best part of the whole thing was the trip over. Don't miss that, whatever you do, if you go to Europe."

"Where were you boys when I called for you to help me an hour ago?" asked Farmer Jones at the supper table.

"I was in the barn settin' a hen," said one.

"And I was in the loft settin' a saw," answered another.

"I was in grandma's room settin' the clock," came from the third boy.

"I was up in the pantry settin' a trap," said the fourth.

"You're a fine set!" remarked the farmer. "And where were you?" he asked, turning to the youngest.

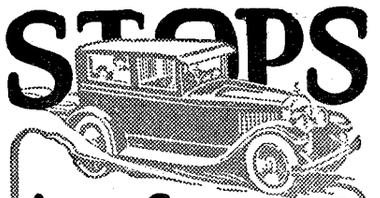
"I was on the doorstep settin' still!" was the reply.

An expert is one who knows more and more about less and less.

This puzzle should provide a little mental stimulus for our readers. A word of two syllables ends the first line; with the first letter omitted to end the second line. Omit second letter to end the third line and the third letter to end the last line. Answer next week:

With lily pads our oars are . . . . . .
With idle hands the blossoms . . . . . .
Away, away, dull care . . . . . .
And echo answers . . . . .

Answer to last week's anagram: "Star," "arts," "rats," "tars," and "Tsar."



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